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Adams Press, London

A. J. CRONIN

"What he has set out to do—and has done admirably—is to cut through the romanticism that still surrounds the medical profession" . . . *(See page 6)*

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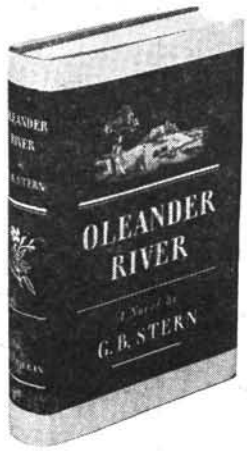

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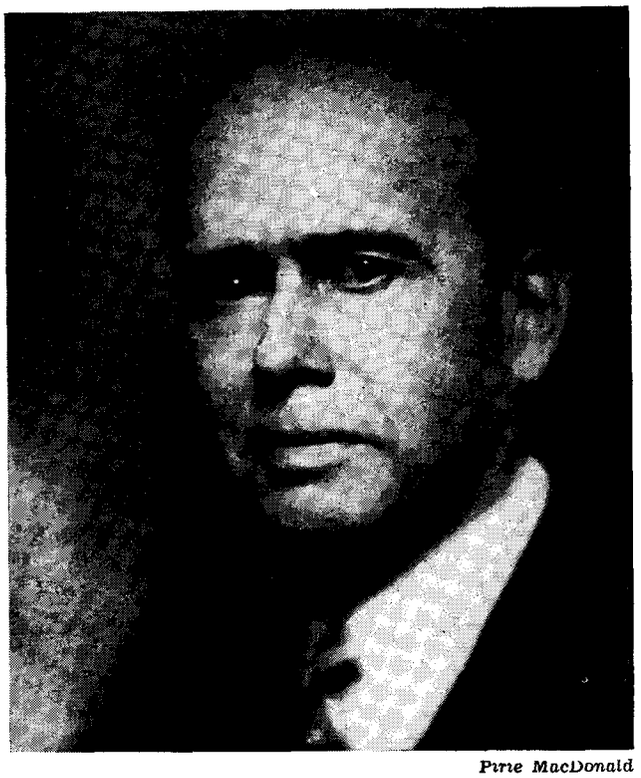
Explorers of the Mind

BY BERTRAM D. LEWIN

THE titles of the two latest books* to describe life in a hospital for the mentally ill are evident and conscious paraphrases of the title of Clifford Beers's book, "A Mind That Found Itself." Rightly so, for the books are much inspired by Beers, must indeed yield him an extensive priority, and in a way retell his story. To borrow a term from hospital record keeping, they are progress notes. A prospective reader of these books, judging overmuch by their titles, might expect to find Hogarthian scenes in a modern Bedlam. But since Mr. Beers (and in no small measure due to his book and his work), and especially recently, the books that describe mental illness and particularly the inside of a hospital have become much calmer. They are less sensational, more understanding, reflecting a new public point of view on psychosis and a better level of mental therapy and care. Even the titles of Mr. Brown's "A Mind Mislaid" and Elsa Krauch's "A Mind Restored" reflect this difference, for to mislay a mind is a rather detached, humorous thing to do and is without malice, while the restoration of a mind is definitely attributed to the hospital. Mr. Brown and "Jim Curran" suffered enough but there are no devils in these books. Indeed, after one has read them it appears that the titles err by being too periphrastic. The patients' minds and mental reactions dominate the beginning of the books, but as the books proceed, the narrators' absorption in their own persons gradually diminishes, while the motif of the Hospital enters and is developed with variations, so that in the end both books are not at all psychotic autobiographies but devoted accounts of the hospital, comparable to other literary accounts of institutions, such as Huysmans's "La Cathédrale" or Arnold Bennett's "Imperial Hotel."



Pirie MacDonald

CLIFFORD W. BEERS

Photographs on pages 3 and 4 from "The Mentally Ill in America," by Albert Deutsch (Doubleday, Doran).

The social factors that support the new enlightenment are many and in themselves not always self-evident, like those that contribute to the setting up and propagation of new styles and new proprieties. In England these matters often seem clearer. When Queen Victoria, *enceinte*, decided that her obstetrician might use chloroform in her *"accouchement à la reine,"* she crushed the opposition which had been maintaining that anesthesia in childbearing was an interference with the divine curse on Eve. No further argument was possible. And British royalty in its day has done unwitting propaganda for early appendectomy and rational divorce laws. Indeed, more germane to our subject, in its day the insanity of George III, whose physician, Willis, used to flog him entirely conscientiously and with the best of therapeutic intentions, led to parliamentary investigations, with erudite speeches by Lord North and Edmund Burke, and turned the attention of the ruling classes to mental illness and the possibility of humane care of the insane. The physicians of the time were by no means all in accord with Dr. Willis. Indeed, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, Dr. Tuke, a Quaker and head of the Retreat in West Riding, Yorkshire, and somewhat later Dr. Conolly, of the big public institution at Hanwell, had run their hospitals as hospitals and not as prisons, but that this was the proper thing to do now became generally accepted. Partly owing to English influence after the Revolution the French got their hospitals to rights (led by Dr. Pinel at the Bicêtre). The English term "no restraint" was generally employed by French and German psychiatrists to describe the new attitude to the insane. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a psychiatrist of European reputation, was the American representative of this trend.

The present-day interest in mental health goes further than the idea of mere humane custody. It is in the air that things can be done to cure and prevent, that research is possible, that everyone who is educated should know something about mental illness and mental mechanisms, that physicians should be especially educated so that they may recognize mental problems, and that it is good to have many institutes, dispensaries, hospitals, guidance clinics, psychiatric social work agencies, and various organizations of the same general type. This is a style of thought and a folkway that was not set for Americans by a king of England, but by the most native of American methods, namely, organized publicity; not the king is responsible, that is to say, but that modern American equivalent of the men who wrote the nation's songs: the publicity man. The ex-Prince of Wales was often called Britain's best traveling salesman. Mr. Beers will hardly disdain the designation of the best salesman for the new scientific approach to the mind. For the public effect of "A Mind That

* *A MIND MISLAID. By Henry Collins Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $2.*

A MIND RESTORED, THE STORY OF JIM CURRAN. By Elsa Krauch. With an Introduction by William Seabrook. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Next Week

JOHN STEINBECK: A PORTRAIT
By JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

THE TIDE OF TIME
By EDGAR LEE MASTERS
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

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Found Itself," which appeared in 1908, was astounding. Reprinted twenty-two times, and translated into French and other languages, its "twenty-fifth anniversary edition" in 1935 could muster "blurbs" from William James, Wilbur L. Cross, Jacob Gould Schurman, Henry Van Dyke, James R. Angell, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Lawrence, and Booth Tarkington, among the laymen, and William H. Welch, Lewellys F. Barker, Adolf Meyer, C. Macfie Campbell, and William A. White among the physicians.

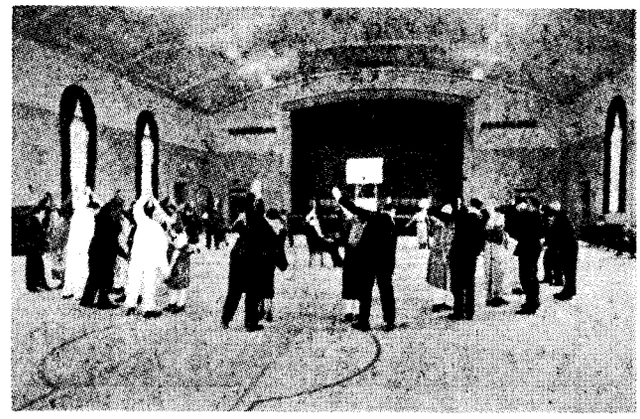
"A Mind That Found Itself" is a forceful, swift, gripping account of the three years in his late twenties during which Mr. Beers was mentally ill. First in a private institution, then in a state institution, he was depressed for the first two years. After this he became aggressively elated. Mr. Beers was not one to let the environment be smugly in the right. Stupid, cruel, or tactless treatment, wherever he received it, was resented. Though it is difficult for an unprejudiced reader to be sure in each instance of the rights and wrongs of the matter, it can certainly be conceded that there were wrongs and that there were greater or less instances of stupidity, cruelty, and tactlessness. From his elation Mr. Beers carried over into his ensuing health two ideas: that he would reform the hospitals and that he would write a book.

Before his illness, for the three years after his graduation from Yale, he had been a very successful business man in the field of insurance and had established contacts among bankers. Whoever has read his book or heard him talk will agree that Mr. Beers has "personality." Briefly, Mr. Beers can interest people, and people of many types. And under the influence of the "contacts" that he made during the writing of his book and through his book, his fantasy of reforming gained substance. Two such fructifying contacts were William James of Harvard and Adolf Meyer, at that time Director of the New York State Psychiatric Institute. "Reform" as an aim in itself receded, and definite concrete projects took its place.

The general term to cover these was invented by Dr. Meyer—"mental hygiene." In 1908 the first state Society for Mental Hygiene was founded (in Connecticut), and in 1909 the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. In 1930 it was possible to found the International Committee for Mental Hygiene. Mr. Beers has always properly conceived himself as the organizer and promoter. A medical director (the first was Thomas W. Salmon) and a Board determine policies scientific and executive.

In spite of the classic remark about the world seeking out superior, obscure mousetrap makers, our national slogan is much more nearly, "If better mousetraps are made, we will make them." Superiority is not enough; obscurity is harmful. Mr. Beers in person and through his book appealed to certain American pragmatic idealists besides William James, who happened also to be capitalists, and interested them in the attack on the problems of mental health. With this and other backing, very effective methods of publicity have been selling these ideas: mental illness is no disgrace, mental illness is a scientific problem, mental illness can be investigated and treated. In 1930 many startled psychiatrists, educators, and social workers in all the six continents were invited to attend the First International Congress for Mental Hygiene at Washington, all expenses to be paid by the American Committee. It was expensive, but not for publicity of this magnitude.

Quite apart from anything the organization or other organizations of the same sort have done, it is hard to overrate the influence exerted by Mr. Beers's book, directly or indirectly on the American mind in its present attitude to psychiatry.



RECREATIONAL THERAPY IN A MODERN STATE HOSPITAL

Another alterative influence upon the public mind is the real advance that has been made in research and therapy. People are more hopeful. They read of discoveries in endocrine physiology and therapy, of new methods of treating general paralysis, and of other attacks on the organic problems in mental illness. The public, too, no less than psychiatrists, has been made aware of psychological methods of treatment. This is owing in large measure to the profound impression made upon society by the writings of Sigmund Freud. The average educated man in the street knows that the neuroses can be understood and treated. The vocabulary and the general psychological thinking of the educated classes, not to mention their books when they write, have been directly or indirectly influenced by Freud's work, in this country perhaps more than in Germany or France, thanks to Dr. Brill's labors as a translator. As a contribution to the general attitude to mental illness, what the public has got from Freud is the idea of psychic determinism, the notion that psychic events have causes and effects, and there is a growing faith in the reality of psychological facts and methods.

How American and how new all this is can be seen if we contrast with such books as Mr. Brown's and "Jim Curran's," a psychotic autobiography of a German and of the eighteen nineties, Senatspräsident Dr. Schreber's "Denkwürdigkeiten eines Nervenkranken." Of the hospital Dr. Schreber writes only in terms of his delusions, although he is appreciative of his physicians' efforts. His psychological perceptions are extraordinarily sensitive, and the description he gives of his experience of a *Weltuntergang*, of his hallucinatory contacts with God, and of his pathological bodily sensations makes his book an outline of a subjective case history. But of the social intention that characterizes the Americans there is no trace. In fact the sole social purpose that is served was entirely through the familiar process of standing and waiting and was certainly unintentional. Psychiatrists are more hampered than most in their writing by considerations of professional discretion. These considerations could not apply to the use of Dr. Schreber's case history, and it was used and given fame by Professor Freud, who employed it as a text for the exposition of his theory of paranoia.

The two new American books are written in the spirit of books of travel. "I enter 'cuckoo' land," writes Mr. Brown, and his story proceeds as if with no interruption from his stay at Bloomingdale to his journey to Europe. "Jim Curran" says: "A traveler who returns from a strange country sets down his experiences and makes certain observations regarding his impressions of that country. That is what I have done." And William Seabrook, in the spirit of a fellow explorer, contributes the preface to "Jim Curran's" book. A traveler has a different slant from an exile, and in the recent books there is less of Mr. Beers's zeal for reform and more naturalist's curiosity. The "strange country" was very good to them and for them; and both earnestly recommend all who are like themselves to banish fear and prejudice and take the same path.

From the striking accord of their attitude to the hospital it might be supposed that Mr. Brown and "Jim Curran" were similar persons, but externally certainly this is not the case. Mr. Brown was sixty-

(*Continued on page* 16)

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HYRAX, OR CONEY. *Drawing by Ivan T. Sanderson, from "Animal Treasure."*

Incredible Nature

ANIMAL TREASURE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT IS certainly not because of any competence in exotic natural history, or in the British Cameroons, for which exotic is too mild a word, that I undertake to review this book. But rather —since Mr. Sanderson's reliability as a scientific investigator is established—because the adventurousness, the humor, the easy narrative of his extraordinary experiences might be overlooked by a zoölogist too excited by the discoveries of new forms of life to note the literary quality of this book.

A little fed up with the dead measurements of his science (he agrees with Thoreau that to *look at* and to *see* an animal are not always the same), Mr. Sanderson, having acquired knowledge and scientific method, went off on an expedition of his own. He chose one of the wildest and unhealthiest parts of Africa, where the savage assemblies syncopated his jazz records with their own drums, where bats were as large as eagles, hollow trees were museums of new varieties of life, and where the frog, I should say, had reached the peak of his evolution. No one who reads this book will ever forget the frogs of every color and eccentricity, or think that nature has shown him all her cards in warm-blooded wild life. And spiders as big as a cheek that jump six feet at you—and leopards leaving their scent on tree pathways a hundred feet above the ground where the author at night, with an electric torch in his mouth, is following unnamed creatures amidst excited monkeys, sometimes grasping a snake instead of a branch—and dead melancholy gorillas—and unknown water monsters bearing spears full of a powder that fizzes like bromo-seltzer.

I do not know why this book is more fascinating than any naturalist's exploration book I have read, unless it be that Mr. Sanderson was not looking for elephants, or antelope, or lions, or any of the big "beef" (everything is good "beef" or bad "beef" in the Cameroons) that big-game hunters write about. He was looking for life—the smaller, the less known, the less obvious the better. And in that lush heat life sprouted everywhere, gave away its secrets, exhibited its eccentricities, displayed its strange lusts for both ugliness and beauty. And also, because while he was searching for certain rare phenomena which would help scientists to solve certain problems they had isolated, his own interest was in behavior. He took as much pains to learn how an animal ran, fed, loved, looked in its native condition, as to find out what was its name and its place in the evolutionary scale. It was this study of behavior which kept him in a series of adventures, some of which will raise the down upon sedentary readers' spines.

There seems, indeed, to be a thesis behind this book. The classificationists have come near to the end of their usefulness. Although Mr. Sanderson was working for them, it is clear that his book is the record of a mind that sees unlimited areas of ignorance surrounding animals alive and uncaptured, not dead or immobilized. He does not think that even yet we know much about wild nature away from man's controls. And it is this pioneer quality in an imagination disciplined by orthodox science that gives to "Animal Treasure" its humor, its zest, and its constant intimations of a new world of living that is even more exciting than Africa.

Doctor's Dilemma

THE CITADEL. By A. J. Cronin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

FOR the theme of this, his fourth novel, Dr. Cronin has drawn on his experiences in the study and practice of medicine and has given us a vivid portrait of an intelligent, hard-headed young physician struggling to gain a foothold in his profession. A theme hardly unusual enough to cause the British medical lions to rear on their hind legs as they did and yelp a passionate protest. The crux of the matter lies of course in the fact that the author in its telling committed the unpardonable offense of dragging from the medical fraternity's closet its own privately sequestered skeletons. Behavior hardly "cricket," to say the least, from one who is himself an admitted disciple of Esculapius!

Andrew Manson comes straight from his lecture rooms and textbooks to a mining community in South Wales to act as medical assistant to a paralyzed doctor employed by the mine owners. His post soon becomes unendurable, but it nevertheless brings into his life two persons destined to have a lasting influence on his fate—the gallant little Chris, whom he marries; and the sardonic, disillusioned Denny, with whom he criminally but safely dynamites the town's typhoid-laden sewer when pleas prove unavailing. He advances to a larger mining community and to a broader field of work. Soon he is hot on the scent of an exciting research into the lung diseases of miners. As was the case in his first position, he is frustrated again and again by the jealousies, indifference, and supineness of both his young associates and his superiors, and his impotent rages serve merely to arouse their antagonistic resistance. Eventually, he leaves the mines for a paid position with the Coal and Metalliferous Miners' Fatigue Board. Now at last he thinks his opportunity has come, his research assured. There is rich satire in Cronin's account of the Board and its officers, and of the meeting wherein Andrew's proposals are respectfully but firmly shelved in the interests of bandage surveys. Andrew needs money, so he swallows his chagrin; and buoyed up somewhat by the irrepressible laboratory worker, Hope, devotes himself to bandages until he has accumulated enough to start at last on his own in London.

Repeated discouragements—all so futilely unnecessary—have dulled some of Andrew's freshness and faith, and now when he is thrown with private practitioners whose suavities and personal charm have proven far more potent promotional factors than his painfully acquired knowledge and skill, all magic

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departs from his own altars and he decides to be "practical" with them. The remainder of the tale is concerned with the tragedy and the friends through whom he recovers his integrity.

The conflict between medical honesty and a competitive society is only the primary theme of this novel. Its secondary and "feminine" theme is that of married love. To the love story of Andrew and Chris the author has brought the extraordinary understanding of women's psychology to which his earlier novels have testified. Level-headed, clear-seeing Chris has as much steel in her backbone as has Andrew. Hard work and poverty have no terrors for her. The passionate integrity he brings to his science she brings to human relations—above all to her man. From him she will accept no compromise of principles, not even when love itself is at stake. They love, squabble, and make up with refreshing realism, always aware, as is the reader, of the reality of the spiritual and physical support each gives the other.

Like the author's previous novels, "The Citadel" has a satisfying solid and three-dimensional quality. "I keep telling myself never to take anything for granted," says Andrew of his medical code—which, one feels, may well be Cronin's own, and account in part at least for the structural solidity that distinguishes all his work. But it is its content rather than its literary excellence that has aroused controversy in England. Is it indeed a fair picture of the medical profession? Many American readers will no doubt object that the canvas has too much shadow, that while all in the know must have met in professional experience the counterpart of every one of Cronin's silly, ignorant, and money-loving physicians, there exists a far larger proportion than the novel suggests whose skill and integrity merit respect and trust. Cronin of course would be the last to deny this, but for his special ends he has chosen to take these for granted. What he has set out to do—and has done admirably—is to cut through the romanticism that still surrounds the medical profession, and boldly expose the potentialities of charlatanism and dishonesty inherent in a system whereby a large group of men must depend for economic security on the real or fancied suffering of others. And what he has to say about this situation applies not alone to England, but to the world over.

To American doctors the novel's main interest may well lie in the differences in methods of medical procedure in the two countries. Among them it will undoubtedly arouse conflicting opinions. But all who enjoy a good novel for its own sake will find it an engrossing, finely written story that needs no justification whatever.

Dr. Mabel S. Ulrich, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, for some years practised medicine in Minneapolis.

Mirror of Literary Paris

THE GONCOURT JOURNALS. (1851-1870). By Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. (Translated and Edited by Lewis Galantière.) New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

ANGLO-SAXON sympathy for the literary activity of other nations has slackened noticeably in recent decades—perhaps not without reason in the case of France, where writing seems to have become a decidedly hermetic art of late. But it is indeed surprising that no complete version of the celebrated diary kept in the middle of the last century by the inseparable brothers Goncourt should have appeared in English. The Goncourts were triple-threat writers of a sort unimaginable today: as dilettante essayists they introduced Japanese art to France and helped establish there the still prevalent fashion for the "delicious" eighteenth century; as novelists they were, surprisingly, pioneers in the realistic movement; as memorialists they were a vital link in the chain that begins with Mme. de Sévigné and Saint-Simon, culminating in spirit if not in form with great and incorrigibly rambling work of Marcel Proust.

JULES AND EDMOND DE GONCOURT

Today the Goncourts are enshrined in the hearts of their country's literary men primarily as the founders of an Academy and a Prize which has brought into brief prominence a number of novels good and bad, most of which have been translated into English with dismal results; but for many reasons the voluminous journal remains the most living of their works. The two authors originally decreed that it was not to be published until a generation after both of them were dead. However, the surviving brother was persuaded (with no great difficulty, one gathers) to give a cut and expurgated version to the public in 1887. After years of litigation and much controversy about its allegedly scandalous nature, the rest of the diary has yet to see the light of day, though Edmond has been dead for forty years.

We have no close equivalent in English for the Goncourt collaboration or its most important fruit, the journal. Arnold Bennett attempted something of the sort, but it is difficult to think of that successful business-man of letters as a rival of these sensitive Frenchmen, self-characterized as "emotional, nervous, unhealthily impressionable creatures." Anatole France remarked that their journal was at once an intimate daily record and a carefully calculated piece of writing. As with Proust, their pose of excessive sensibility grew into a career and eventually permeated their work. Whatever one may think of the pose or of the once over-praised "artistic" style, their cross-section of Second Empire Paris is inimitable. In externals it sometimes takes on a quaint flavor nowadays, as when the Goncourts bewail the frightful Americanization of Paris—this in 1867 when we had barely raised our heads from the nightmare of civil war! But where the brothers are really unrivaled is in their first-hand descriptions of the literary giants of the day. They met Hugo and Balzac; Flaubert, Daudet, Gauthier, Renan they knew well; Zola was their disciple. Deliberately they tried to set down for us the undiluted essence of each man's personality and talk, bringing them to life as they never did the characters of their own novels. There is no better mirror, in memoirs or letters, of the still vibrant activity of the period, so creative in spite of the third Napoleon.

Mr. Galantière's role in presenting this new edition of selections from the famous journal is an unusually weighty one. He has not only made a new translation, but provides many notes and adds an elaborate biographical repertory of the personages mentioned in the diary. While these contributions are neither dull enough nor accurate enough to be labeled scholarly, they are enlivening and necessary if this generation is to understand the Goncourts and their era. But why not publish the complete text? Almost as much of the journal and more about the Goncourts was given us as long ago as 1895 in the excellent if now somewhat old fashioned life of the brothers written by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes and M. Shedlock. Perhaps Mr. Galantière's enthusiasm for the book and the period will prove contagious, and when the final installment of the *chronique scandaleuse* appears in France we may at last enjoy what they call over there an "integral" edition of this indispensable work.

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The Fame Business

BRYNHILD, or, The Show of Things. By H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

FROM the parables he has been offering lately Mr. Wells has turned back to the novel, but "Brynhild" is a novel with a difference. As he puts it: "In New Zealand, the decorations on a beam or a pillar may be expanded by the understanding imagination into the most complete and interesting of patterns, and so it is with this book. It is a novel in the Maori style, a presentation of imaginative indications." Well, so is any novel; don't let this description alarm you. The appeal of "Brynhild" is cerebral rather than emotional, and because it deals largely with the build-up of an author it will naturally be most appreciated by people engaged in the literature and publicity industries. But there are a lot of people who are interested in the personality of authors, and they can learn from "Brynhild" something to their advantage.

Mr. Rowland Palace was a successful novelist, and a man "of acute sensibilities and incessant anxieties." It needed some portraits taken by a candid camera, however, to focus these anxieties, make him wonder how he appeared to the world; to bring him to the realization that, as he phrased it to Brynhild his wife in nocturnal conversation, "every man who appeals to the public must put up—I won't say a false front—but a Large Simplified Façade. His appearance, the published anecdotes about him, his report, his prestige, must all tally with his work." Further, Mr. Palace was worried by the menace of Alfred Bunter—a new novelist, a younger man, coming along with alarming speed. Accordingly he felt that it was incumbent upon him to arrange his façade, to see that something was done about making for himself a Great Name.

To this his agent, Mr. Blatch, was indifferent; Rowland Palace had a reputation for selling better every time, and in this was the whole law and the prophets. Nor was Mr. Schroederer his publisher sympathetic.

> All this Fame business [he observed]. This Great Man system. It's over. It's finished. It's when a thing begins that there's Fame. Adam! After Adam, my dear chap, any amount of men as good as him. But do we hear of them? Adam got it first. Then again, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, celebrated Jews, and after them any amount of Jews, but nothing like the same fuss about them. Same thing with literature.

To some of us who have studied, with perplexity, the relation between merit and fame, this may seem sound insight; but to Mr. Palace, as to any author talking to his publisher, it was only proof of a parsimony grasping at any excuse for refusing to spend money on promotion. But eventually Mr. Palace was taken up by a genuine promotion man, Mr. Immanuel Cloote, who promised to make of him a moth emerging from its cocoon into the limelight.

All of which was most distressing to Brynhild Palace. Young—and childless, so that she could concentrate her attention—she had learned the skilled trade of being a novelist's wife, and for herself was resigned to the role of the Quiet Lovely who fills in the background at parties. But with what Mr. Palace called his Second Phase she found herself unable to sympathize; she valued the essence, not the show of things—especially after her husband's interest in the lavishly disclosed charms of Lady Cytherea Label convinced her that "a secret beauty is nothing to him." Whereupon, like countless other wives since time began, she set herself to think about what next. But it happened that at a house party she met and liked Mr. Alfred Bunter; and it happened that Mr. Immanuel Cloote's campaign for building up Palace included pulling Bunter down; and Brynhild's marriage had taught her the unfailing technique for consoling harassed novelists. And so presently she too entered her second Phase, and came to realize that in a world where man looketh upon the outward appearance, we all need a façade.

This, it may be hoped, is not a betrayal of the plot; but the plot in any case is only the framework on which are hung the observations and comments of one of the most unfailingly entertaining writers of our time. A book of limited appeal, certainly, but of great potential value; any novelist who reads it ought to experience a slight attack of humility which, however transitory, will do him good. As for publishers, it may be hoped that they will regard Mr. Schroederer as so gross a caricature that they will read no farther; for if they took the story seriously all the bright boys and girls who handle book publicity and promotion might presently be looking for jobs with the Federal Writers' Project.

Expert Casuals

LET YOUR MIND ALONE! By James Thurber. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.50.

BED OF NEUROSES. By Wolcott Gibbs. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

THE two *New Yorker* editors who wrote these books are both experts in the kind of humorous pieces—not exactly stories, not exactly essays—which are largely responsible for the tone of that magazine, and which I believe are referred to, in the *New Yorker* office, as "casuals." The word connotes an understatement. Humorous sketches reprinted from magazines usually come out thin in book form. Not so the casuals of Thurber and Gibbs. At their best, they not only stand rereading; they improve on rereading: there are several layers of humor underneath the surface. And in book form we get a clearer idea of the special talents of Thurber and Gibbs as individual humorists than we do week by week in the pages of the magazine, where their pieces tend to be dominated by the general *New Yorker* flavor.

DRAWING BY JAMES THURBER

Thurber has defined humor (quoted in Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Laughter") as "a kind of emotional chaos told about calmly and quietly in retrospect." It's a pretty good definition of Thurber's own humor, but it doesn't cover the best part of the book—the ten chapters in which he takes apart what he calls the "psychomentologists," such as Dorothea Brande, Dale Carnegie, and other streamliners of the mind. With inexhaustible invention and remorseless logic, Thurber confronts each psychomentologist with a plausible situation, and shows how the psychomentologist's advice, if applied, would lead to disaster every time. These ten chapters gain enormously from being read together; they show that Thurber knows more about psychology—as a first-rate humorist should—than all the psychomentologists put together. Only he would probably call it human nature.

Gibbs does not appear in "The Enjoyment of Laughter," which is a serious defect in Eastman's book, for Gibbs is potentially the best parodist in America. His celebrated profile of Henry Luce in *Time* style is reprinted here; it's worth memorizing. His other parodies are usually too short, too "casual," but the one of Aldous Huxley is excellent. Gibbs also has an expert touch with ironic anecdotes.

On their secondary levels, Thurber and Gibbs are a good deal alike; both of them, with their left hands, can describe emotional chaos calmly and quietly in retrospect. But at their best they are entirely different, and both unbeatable. It should be mentioned incidentally that both books are illustrated: Thurber's by himself, Gibbs's by Rea Irvin.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Present State of English Literature

IT is very easy to misjudge the present state of literature in England. An American reading the numerous books which our hospitable publishers bring across the Atlantic is more than likely to call this the age of decadence in English fiction, English drama, and English poetry. The vitality—with exceptions to be noted later—seems to be entirely in the hardening arteries of the old fellows. The middle-aged and most of the young who are writing in England seem to him marvelously competent, admirably articulate, and quite empty. In the novel, for example, there are a dozen English authors who could exchange contracts for their new books, and do just as good a job on the other fellow's title, guaranteeing serialability, saleability, and a fair chance at a movie. And these books are so smooth, so beautifully articulate! In comparison, the most vigorous novels of the younger American school speak with mouths full of oatmeal in a language that like a schoolboy's is virile but still in the making.

This is decadence, and undoubtedly the most widely read English novels and most successful English plays (just possible exception noted for Virginia Woolf and one or two others) are decadent.

Nevertheless while one may thus justly attack contemporary English writing, this is no way in which to understand the situation. It was actually the conclusion reached in a spirited argument with a knowledgeable American now publishing in London, but before the conversation ended another point of view began to seem possible. The truth seems to be that the advance current of English literature is seeking new channels. It has left the easy river bed down which the popular writers still sail to successes there and here. It has changed its ruling interest, which now is ideas. The younger writers of original talent, following in the wake of T. S. Eliot, who is *their* Thomas Hardy, are concerned with ideologies and principles, and with new forms of verse and prose by which to make them articulate. They are not very successful yet, not even Auden or Day Lewis. The intractable abstractions of hard thinking have not yet been emotionalized into passionate, not often into sensuous, and practically never into the simple forms of important literature. Probably as with the first metaphysicals of the great spiritual awakening of the seventeenth century, a generation will have to grapple with new ideas before the new writing becomes readable. And possibly the leaders now are in a blind alley with nothing but propaganda and argument at the end of it. Nevertheless this is what the real English literature is trying to do. The competents and the serializers are merely craftsmen producing excellent standard goods for the idle hour and the lazy brain. Yet it is interesting to note that Father Eliot (an American to be sure, yet writing in England) who did begin a generation ago to grapple with new ideas in poetry, is no longer a writer for highbrows and esoterics only. His books sold 150,000 copies last year, and his "Murder in the Cathedral" has packed theatres all over England as well as in New York.

As for us in America, our vigor is still in its sociological stage. Our fiction, and our best drama, and a good deal of our poetry, are still concerned with the behavior of the transformed European in a comparatively new continent. No end to the transforming, or to the surprises of the continent. Apparently there are still thousands of regional novels and behavioristic dramas in the rich soil of American life, which has not yet been worn out like so many of our gullied fields. We are in the sociological period, as anyone who will turn from our competent, if not too polished productions got out for sale to the trade, to more earnest and more honest literature, will readily see. That concern with ideas which blazed up into the golden New England period before the Civil War, will come again, but it is not here yet. The urban intellectuals who deal in ideologies in our fiction and drama either can't write, or do not seem to understand the function of literature, which is an art not a trick for selling opinions. And thanks to the immense virility of this American period, our sociological literature is just as vital as when Babbitt told of his career. We are only just beginning to get the real Americans of the twentieth century down on paper. Hemingway can make them talk, as can Sinclair Lewis, others have shaped their spiritual form, and still others their manners and their morbidities. Still the models crowd into the atelier. When we have got over the excitement of describing, we too will begin to deal with ideas—and probably, like the English, grope and argue and contort ourselves into a new age.

H. S. C.

Wells on Education H. G. Wells, that perennial fount of unorthodox wisdom, told English educators this week that our fossilized methods of education were largely responsible for the present sad state of the world. We have been educating for the comparatively simple eighteenth century, instead of the infinitely complex twentieth. The masses are uneducated in any true sense, even in the most civilized states; so are the classes, college graduates among them. They have skills, many of them, but very little real education. What, for example, do they really know of the realities of that history of which they seem destined to add a tragic chapter? What does history mean for them? Can they answer?

The New York *Times*, commenting, says that this is perhaps the most hopeless moment at which to begin a true education for a democracy. All the pull is the other way toward fascist and communist ideologies, which must pervert history and thinking in general in order to support their various infallibilities.

We disagree. Education is never reformed except in times of emergency. It is not easy to reform it, it may be impossible, but it is not too late. A whole generation is awake, as never before in our times, to the fallacies in their own education. They want to be told what is wrong;—and are being told in many countries by leaders whose motives are certainly not above suspicion.

Mr. Wells outlines a course for the understanding of what the history of civilization has essentially been. It skips scandals, local incidents, and unimportant wars to concentrate on how man learned to live in society, where he failed and why, where he succeeded and why. May we suggest that a like method with literature might have beneficial results; for literature is the great humanizer, and few would deny that humanism in its broadest and richest sense is what this age needs more than inventions, more even than a sound economics. If the teaching of "English" has gone dead in so many American colleges, it is because the great questions: what is literature, what can it do for us, how can it be studied, how can it be taught, have been lost from sight in the study of the history and the philology of texts. Not that the history of literature and its philology are unimportant. Yet we guess that Mr. Wells, with his instinct of a great journalist, would insist that the relation of literature to life, to our life, must be the beginning and the end of the study of English or French or German, or any other literature.

"What do you mean by the teaching of English?" "What do you propose to achieve?" "What can *you* teach about literature?" We should like to ask these questions of every member of every English Department in the United States as the new term begins, and get them answered.

H. S. C.

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Letters to the Editor: *Press-Agentry; Data on Data*

"For Immediate Release:"

SIR:—I have always loathed those guys who write letters protesting reviews, mostly because the letters don't make such hot reading, authored, as they are, by gents and gals with peeves.

And here I am, beginning a sentence with an "and," writing just such a letter, and wanting it to be published!

Why? Not because your L. J. H., Jr., "knocked" the writing or execution of my book, "For Immediate Release:" (please leave the : in!) in his review in your last week's issue. That's his right. But because he says that the publicity schemes I attempt to tell about in my book are improbable, carry no conviction, etc., etc. There I must, as a press-agent rather than a writer, dissent. As a matter of fact, since anyone who writes is influenced by the scenery of daily living, I naturally have been influenced by the labors I have performed. And I must say that I have, if anything, underwritten the "schemes," the "stunts," and gullibility of the clients, etc., etc. Has Mr. L. J. H., Jr., never heard of such native institutions as the soap sculpture contest, the oldgold contests, the find-a-gal-to-play-scarlett-in-gone-with-the-wind furore, etc., etc? I could multiply the insanities without end; I could impart (privately) to Mr. L. J. H., Jr., stories of organized insanities committed with the money and enthusiastic assent of business men reputedly sane, that would make the things described in my book seem like the publicity campaign of a Madison, N. J., Presbyterian Church trying to get eighty-six people to attend a strawberry festival.

Mr. L. J. H., Jr., and I can't blame him, at that, simply isn't cognizant of how crazy many people are in some things, while retaining the modicum of sanity enabling them to pay for their insane indulgences.

Or, are we all crazy?

I tried, whether I succeeded or not, to look at a certain phase of national insanity (and each country and people possesses its own special brand) through sane eyes, those of

RION BERCOVICI.

New York City

Acknowledgment

SIR:—A recent issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* carried a comment on William Saroyan's latest book, "Little Children." Upon reading one sentence of the review I was thrown into a combined state of joy and anger—and knew not which to choose. I quote the sentence—"The new book is considerably more palatable for the general public than the first two collections of Saroyan's works."

Does that mean that "Little Children" is more palatable than "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" and "Inhale and Exhale" (Saroyan's first two collections) but not as palatable as "Three Times Three" (Saroyan's third collection, published, incidentally, by the Conference Press, Los Angeles)?

Or does it mean that your reviewer was not cognizant of the fact that the Conference Press published such a book, or, if cognizant, did not choose to recognize the fact?

Athough this youthful publishing company does not expect eternal kudos for its thus far solitary achievement, it would appreciate, yea, relish, mere acknowledgment.

HAL LEVY.

Conference Press
Los Angeles, Cal.

"I READ YOUR AUTOBIOGRAPHY, BUT NOW I'VE MET YOU I FEEL YOU ONLY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE."

Data

SIR:—Is the word *data* singular or plural? In your issue of August 28, 1937, a lady correspondent, a teacher of English, asserts that it is singular. But is it singular? The question is not to be settled by intuition—not even by feminine intuition—but by usage. The word is plural in form; but usage may nevertheless decree that it shall be singular in meaning, like alms (Acts 3:3), wages (Rom. 6:23), news, and many others. What then is the decree of usage?

The lexicographers all say that it is plural. See the Oxford Dictionary, the Century, the New Standard, Webster's New International, Weekley, Chambers, etc. The grammarians say the same. Fowler, "Modern English Usage" (page 103) says that "*data* is plural only," and gives the expression "much valuable *data*" as an example of wrong usage. So also Professor Krapp, "Knowledge of English" (page 90); Stuart Robertson, "Development of Modern English"; Skeat, "English Etymology," vol. 2, page 278; Curme, "College English Grammar" (page 35); Bain, "Higher English Grammar" (page 127); and a host of lesser grammatical lights. Finally an authority which the *S. R. L.* will not question, gives the word as plural—Winston's Simplified Dictionary, of which Mr. Canby was one of the editors.

On the other side, Webster's New International (2d ed.) says that the use of *data* as a singular is "not infrequent"; and Prof. Kennedy, "Current English" (page 442) says that the use is "occasional," but is due to "popular ignorance."

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that at the present time the employment of *data* as a singular noun is forbidden both by principle and by the overwhelming weight of authority.

L. M. B.

New York City

SIR:—Leah Dennis should be promoted to the chair of Elizabethan Literature. She must be an alumnae of a college where English was thoroughly taught. Her desiderata is commendable but she is in the wrong strata when she discusses spaghetti.

I have heard many good cooks say, "These spaghetti are very good today!" And they were right!

GEORGE FRISBEE.

San Francisco, Cal.

Singular

(Provoked by Leah Dennis's letter in last week's issue)

SIR:—One phenomena of every curricula is a bacteria found in each strata, though such an errata is hardly a desiderata in so scholarly a memoranda as we have in Miss Dennis's letter on "a data."

(ANONYMOUS)

New York City

Churchill's Moustache

SIR:—The amusing Churchill story in this week's *Review* belongs, I believe, to Winston's father, Randolph Churchill. I heard it a good many years ago; and as Randolph Churchill had a copious moustache, it would seem to be his joke rather than his son's—in view of time and circumstance.

JEAN AYER.

New York City

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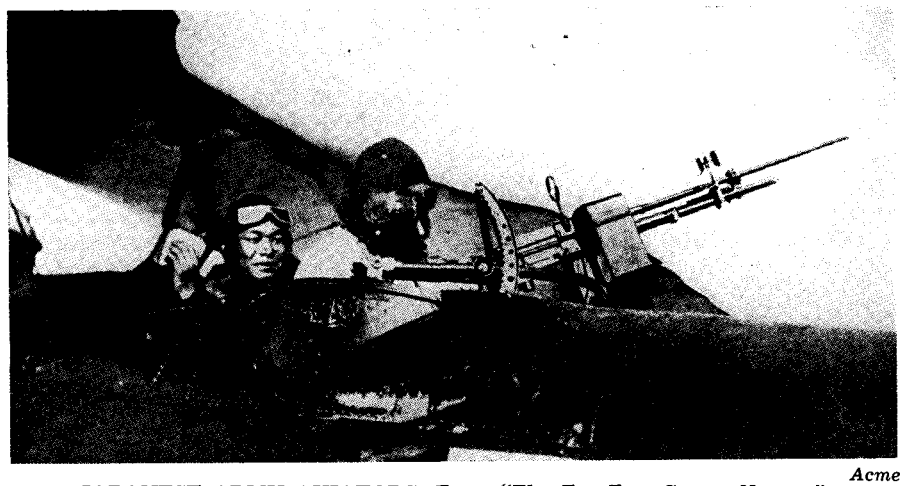

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JAPANESE ARMY AVIATORS. *From "The Far East Comes Nearer."*

Power Politics in Asia

THE FAR EAST COMES NEARER. By Hessell Tiltman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

WITH journalistic prescience of the first order—or else by a rare stroke of good fortune—Hessell Tiltman has succeeded in fashioning a volume as timely as the featured article in today's newspaper. "The Far East Comes Nearer" is a general survey of up-to-the-minute power politics in Eastern Asia. For the puzzled reader of daily dispatches it will provide accurate, interesting background material which should be helpful in placing current events in proper perspective. For the informed individual it offers less—not very much more than a summary of familiar data. Its virtue, that is to say, lies in its breadth rather than its depth.

Mr. Tiltman writes with the directness and *élan* of the journalist. The Manchurian crisis, he points out, established Japan as the new overlord of Asia, notwithstanding the open disapproval of Britain and America. But subsequent years have witnessed the development of a world diplomatic alignment which threatens to destroy all possibility of localizing a Far Eastern conflict designed to maintain Tokyo's supremacy. A spark touched to the long powder fuse extending from Japan through China to Russia, Germany and then France and Britain, could hardly be stamped out before it had at least singed the United States.

Japan's drive for Asiatic hegemony, according to the author, must be continued if that nation is to remain the dominant power in the Pacific. Otherwise it will be dragged down by the pressure of increasing population, poverty in raw materials, and a dearth of foreign markets. By the same token, Japan's world trade offensive must be intensified. The mainspring of the movement toward a greater Japan is the army. It is largely because of its desire for strategic advantage against Soviet power and communist doctrine in Eastern Asia that there has occurred the rape of Manchuria and North China. This campaign of aggression, however, is not without its redeeming features. Japan marched into Manchoukuo illegally but only after her treaty rights to act as the banner-bearer of civilization in the territory had been flouted by a rapacious, anti-foreign Chinese administration. Great progress has since been made in restoring order and improving economic conditions.

While China was formerly the supine subject of this territorial amputation, the new nationalism engendered by Japan's advance is revitalizing the country. National reconstruction is both material and spiritual. Armaments, railroads, roads, and industries are created to serve as a foundation for national resistance; their intellectual counterpart is visible in the moral regeneration furthered by Chiang Kai-shek's New Life movement. Rehabilitation of the impoverished peasantry is beginning. Political unity is at hand. The inevitable concomitant of the new Chinese nationalism is hatred of Japan, aggravated by the steady economic and military encroachment of Tokyo's militarists in North China. Yet despite Generalissimo Chiang's hurried preparation for resistance, Japan will probably wrest from Nanking all its territory north of the Yellow River and establish a veiled protectorate over the rest of the country, without effective resistance from the West.

Such, in bald summary, is the drift of Mr. Tiltman's discourse. Its quality is uneven. Where objective description of a concrete situation is demanded, the book is at its best. The account of Japanese penetration in North China is a specimen of first-rate reporting. But the author's powers of analysis seem inadequate in the treatment of more complex data. Little attention is devoted to the grave social maladjustments in Japan's agricultural and industrial organization, which are a prime cause of Japanese imperialism and the anti-communist mania. There is no appreciation of the necessary if mutually distasteful interdependence of capitalist interests and the anti-capitalist army. Mr. Tiltman stresses the idealism of the militarists and waves aside civilian corruption and the repression of social discontent with laudatory references to Japan's police and judiciary. Indeed, Mr. Tiltman cannot quite formulate a moral judgment with respect to Tokyo's policies. To him the nation of fervent patriots appears entitled to protect its legitimate right to expansion on the continent, but errs in its resort to force and the violation of treaties.

The description of China's resurgence, too, is superficial. No consideration is given to Chiang Kai-shek's historic connection with the vast concentration of capital centered in Shanghai, nor to the semi-fascist aspects of the Nanking regime. The Sian coup and the Kuomintang-communist rapprochement are overlooked. And finally, since the author's manuscript was completed, events have shifted the Far Eastern spotlight away from the Soviet-Manchoukuoan border to North China and Shanghai. Reeling under the severity of the purging process, the U.S.S.R. is temporarily loath to take up the Japanese challenge in the East. Consequently the prospect of general world conflict, originating in Manchuria, is at the moment relatively remote. In spite of Mr. Tiltman's fears of a vast conflagration, the example of China, like that of Spain, appears to prove that the world's armed camps will endure an unsuspected degree of provocation before resorting prematurely to the arbitrament of war.

David H. Popper is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

The Stranger

By GENEVRA COOK

WHO is this woman life has wrought
and given my name,
who has within the heart's ice caught
the body's flame?

I was a girl was young and brave
not long ago.
The lips wore laughter that now are grave
with "No."

Suddenly I have learned to wear
a thin timidity.
to watch the salmon leap of time
shudderingly.

and vulnerable now to every
heaven or hell,
shrink and cringe before the ringing
of a bell.

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Laura Riding and the Heroic Spirit

A TROJAN ENDING. By Laura Riding. New York: Random House. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IN her preface, Miss Riding tells us that she came to write a novel of the Trojan War, because "it happened to me to begin thinking of Cressida—as I might have begun thinking of my girlhood." Her interest in Cressida (which it is not too much to say, after the hint she has given us, amounts to self-identification) led her to espouse, with feminine intensity, the cause of the Trojans, to learn every legend about them and the Greeks their opponents, and to write this novel. The novel begins in Troy at the time of the beginning of the Iliad, that is, in the tenth year of the war; it parallels the events of the Iliad as far as they could be observed from within the walls, and gives her own account of the patriotic reason, heretofore unknown, for Cressida's desertion to the Greek Diomedes. Her passion for her cause has also led her to flashes of great insight, such as her description of Paris of whom she says that everything he did was of less importance than his beauty and masculinity, which, like the femininity of a beautiful woman, was his real reason for existence. But unfortunately it has also led her to incorporate in her story every legend from every source, good, bad, and indifferent, which she has found in her exhaustive study, with a preference for the legends which are less known and (so long as they are not supernatural) less likely.

Seizin Press
LAURA RIDING

The interest of Miss Riding's book lies in her devotion to her Trojans, and is concentrated in her preface. The devotion indeed runs all through the novel.

> Consider: we are Troy, Trojans. Other people make a mystery of us. . . . They envy us our sanity, our imperturbability, our high standards—which we seem to live up to without violence or oratory.

And throughout the book she contrasts her Trojans, integral of life, with her Greeks, of whom she says simply that they were insane. But the high point of the book is the preface, where, in writing of great brilliance, but a distorted brilliance like Tom o' Bedlam's Song, she gives her view of the Trojans as something unique in history. Theirs was the first articulate world-conflict and, for her, the last. All the ages between, the rise and fall of empires, are to her a stony waste of statues; but the Trojans, she says, were like ourselves. "They were the preëminently stout-hearted, as we are the preëminently stout-minded."

Maintaining the unique historic importance of the Trojans involves, of course, maintaining their historic existence; but Miss Riding finds no difficulty in upholding the existence of the one Trojan who was (one would say) unknown to Troy, her heroine Cressida. Of her she says with no apparent wavering of her faith, "Even Homer, to whose imagination she must have been at least legendary-real, does not mention her." Miss Riding's exhaustive study of her subject has, of course, included the development of the legend of Cressida, from her very name, the misunderstood accusative "Chryseida" from Chryseis, (who exists independently in "A Trojan Ending"), a shadowy figure in the Iliad for whom we know only that name, meaning "Chryses' daughter"; through Boccaccio, who first gave her anything that can be called a story, to Chaucer, who first gave her anything that can be called a character.

The fact that Cressida has no character in any ancient source makes it possible to regard her as the personification of courage without contradicting them. And to her great credit, it is courage that Miss Riding admires. What she admires is the heroic spirit, which appears naturally in a society like that of Homer, and more rarely elsewhere. Miss Riding finds, and admires, the quality of the heroic in Hector's acceptance of death. She may find it equally throughout the Iliad, in the speech of Sarpedon the Greek, "Since no mortal can escape all the deaths that hover about us, let us go forward"; she may find it anywhere in the Iliad, among the Trojans, and the Greeks, through whom alone the mind of the Trojans is known to us. She would find it also in other peoples who lived like the Homeric warriors, for example, in the Icelandic sagas. And she could find it, if she would look, in the tragedies of the Golden Age of Greece, in the "Clytemnestra" of Æschylus, the "Antigone" of Sophocles, the "Cassandra" of Euripides.

For the Greeks of the Golden Age were almost alone in combining the highest civilization with a joy in the Homeric heroism. Miss Riding thinks she has found that combination among us, but her discovery of "preëminent stout-mindedness" in our distracted world comes from the same pious wish as her discovery of courage for the frail Cressida. One need call no other witness than this book, which is inspired by the deepest and most genuine devotion to Homeric ideals and which yet, in its redundance of detail, its preference for the marvelous over the true, its whole fantastic rococo exaggeration, seems to come only from the Alexandrian authors of the Hellenistic decadence.

A Keen Observer of Civil War America

FORTY YEARS OF AMERICAN LIFE. By Thomas Nichols. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

JUST after the Civil War two important books were written by Americans to interpret their country to the British Public. One, full, precise, analytical, was G. M. Towle's "American Society," the work of a member of our consular service; the other, with more narration and description, was Dr. Nichols's volume, here happily reprinted. As issued in 1874, it was a revision and expansion of a smaller volume published ten years earlier. Dr. Nichols had many qualifications for writing on American life. He had traveled widely North and South, was a close observer, knew many important Americans, had read and thought much, and above all held an independent and critical point of view. Disgusted by the hysteria of the Civil War and its restrictions on personal liberty, irritated also by American materialism and Calvinism, he fled to England in 1861 and there spoke his mind on American institutions. His book, shrewd, for the most part fair, and eminently well written, is well worth reading today.

The first half contains entertaining pictures of farm life in upper New England in the early part of the century; of steamboat and stagecoach travel in the Central West in the days before railroads; and of residence in Louisiana and Alabama, whither this New Hampshire youth wandered. It also gives lively descriptions of New York in the forties and fifties, with anecdotes of Poe, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Greeley, Cooper, and other notables whom Nichols knew. He read Herman Melville's "Typee" in manuscript, for he was a friend of Melville's brother; he frequently saw Charlotte Cushman as a stock actress at $15 a week, before her English tour made her famous; he witnessed the triumphal reception of Winfield Scott after his Mexican campaigns. The second half of the volume is more topical in character. Nichols is severe upon American corruption, which he found pervasive long before the Civil War; upon the demagogy of our politics and the mediocrity of many Presidents, including Grant; upon the low standards of the legal and medical professions; upon our love of sensation; and upon the sentimental folly of the Abolitionist approach to the Negro problem. He patriotically extolled our social democracy, however; our high standard of living; our keen interest in education; our industry; and apart from the corruption, our general purity of morals. It is a well-balanced study, and surprisingly anticipates a good many verdicts of later students upon the years 1830-70.

Allan Nevins is professor of history at Columbia University.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

VII. Dichotomy

I'VE eaten, thanks, says Uncle Pan (complete with monocle) as he takes a chair in the apartment on Epsilon Street; where Cressida and Antigone are just finishing lunch.—I had a sandwich at the office. Well, my dear, I think I may say we had a good press. The interview with Miss Lyde has had a very satisfactory effect.

Definitely, Cressida says; perhaps with a little whiff of irony. Pandarus cocks his eye at her watchfully. He does not always know quite how to take her.

Your dignified behavior, he continues, was all the more favorably noticed by contrast with Princess Cassandra's deplorable outburst.

Since you've come just at lunch time, I suppose you're looking for a snort.

Just a trivial one, he agrees. He doesn't really want it, but he sees she is in a captious mood, and thinks it may help.

We're glad of an excuse, says Antigone as she makes the necessary preparations. What a morning!

How do you mean?

All the sacred cows have been calling, Antigone explains. Queen Hecuba, Lady Helen, Andromache, Creusa. They came to congratulate us on our patriotism.

PANDARUS—Excellent. That shows the power of the press.

CRESSIDA—They all brought their knitting and settled down for a good palaver.

ANTIGONE—If the Greeks can be beaten by gossip, they're certainly licked.

CRESSIDA—It was rather embarrassing, we didn't have any knitting that looked at all patriotic.

ANTIGONE—I was working on a girdle, I had to try to turn it into a muffler.

CRESSIDA—Women ought not to do so much knitting; it gives them double chins.

PANDARUS—It's looking down all the time. They should look up.

CRESSIDA—At a man, I suppose.

ANTIGONE—They get double chins on their minds too.

PANDARUS—Yes, it's terrible what life does to women.

CRESSIDA—You've been noticing it for years, haven't you.

Pandarus realizes that he's not going to get anywhere on the line of banter, so he wisely takes a drink instead. Cressida and Antigone suspect that this is his way of conceding the first round, so they feel better too. The three lift a silent toast to each other, the underlying sentiment of which, whether expressed or divined, is "To hell with Sparta."

I admit the patriotic ladies must have been rather trying, says Uncle Pan. But they're useful as a social backstop.

They're so gruesomely earnest, poor dears, murmurs Cressida. They've got prickly heat about the affront to the goddess of Wisdom. They say she's gone over to the Greeks, the way Daddy did.

It's not impossible, Pandarus admits. But remember we still have Aphrodite on our side. Generally speaking, I think she's more useful than Pallas.

You're just arguing from your own experience, says Antigone.

I'm sorry you're both so flippant. (Pandarus is just a trifle peevish.) What I'm trying to tell you, Cressida, I think you should get out more. You need social diversion. You don't want to be an introvert.

How do you know we don't? What is it?

People who stay at home and think about themselves until they get morbid. It always makes one feel better to get out and compare yourself with other people.

That's all right for domineering creatures like you, Uncle Pan. I just don't feel gregarious.

Well, it's too bad. I suppose I made a mistake. But I can still cancel the order.

What do you mean?

Get Madame Iris on the phone, I'll countermand it before it's too late.

Madame Iris, they exclaim! The dressmaker?

I'm afraid it was a liberty, he says. I told her to come up and take your order for some new clothes; as a present from me.

Pan, you darling! You old rogue, what are you up to now? You know you ought not to do that sort of thing.

We'll take it out of the War Chest. It's strictly a military measure. It's not good for morale to have the two prettiest girls in Troy shut themselves up like nuns.

Darling (Antigone to Cressida) did you notice, they're wearing a new kind of tunic, with a smooth shoulder: I saw one at the Palladium.

And the highlow waist, finished off with a peplum!

In Persian rose, and a yoke at the hip!

It seems a pity to cancel it, he says, pretending to reach for the telephone. Quietly but firmly they push him back to his seat.

When's she coming up?

Some time this afternoon. I told her not until after the parade. The street will be so crowded.

Parade, here?

Yes, didn't you know? The Boulevard's torn up, so the troops will go by here on their way to the field. There's a big push scheduled this afternoon.

Poor fellows, I wish we could do something for them.

Give them a wave from the window. That's better than knitting those horrible socks.

Uncle Pan refreshes his drink. At last he feels he has the conversation under control.

You know, he says, we not only got a good press on our Palladium appearance, but we made a conquest. Quite a remarkable one; a young man of considerable importance. He saw you at the service and was completely smitten.

I'm not interested.—How do you know?

He told me so.

Wasn't that rather indiscreet?

I'm afraid I wormed it out of him. He didn't mean to tell, but he was in such a state he didn't realize what he was saying. It was quite pathetic because he's never had anything to do with women before.

That's what we need, more men like that.

Of course I shall respect his confidence.

Quite right.—Who is he?

He's written some poetry about it, really quite unusual. He gave me some of his manuscripts to look over.

Uncle Pan slyly takes the papers from his pocket and glances at them. I'm glad the arts keep alive in war-time, he says. Yes, some of this is excellent. It's a pity it's too personal to be published.

Did you want us to criticize them for you?

Why my dear child, he protests, I wouldn't dream of violating a pledge. You see, they have his name on them. But I'll read you one, if you like. This one is less emotional, more in the humorous vein.

And, assuring himself of their close attention, he reads:—

I saw no merit in the scheme
  Of Nature's primitive division:
Though sex, they told me, was supreme,
  I held it always in suspicion:
    It seemed too gross, too much imbued
    With propagative purpose crude!

But now, O palinode, confess:
  Dichotomy proves more appealing,
For since I saw you, loveliness,
  I have a wholly different feeling:
    To my astonishment intense,
    Biology makes better sense.

Magnificent is Nature's plan,
  Provocative, ingenious very,
To make a woman and a man
  So mutually necessary:
    Let Beauty flourish her allures—
    I am, appetitively yours. . . .

CRESSIDA—There are a lot of words

(*Continued on page* 14)

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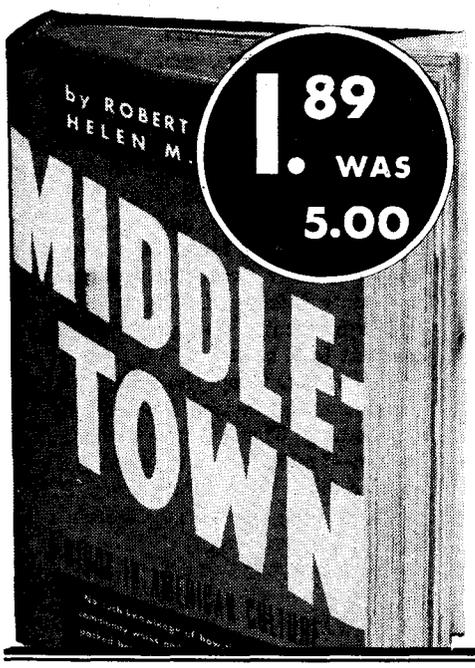

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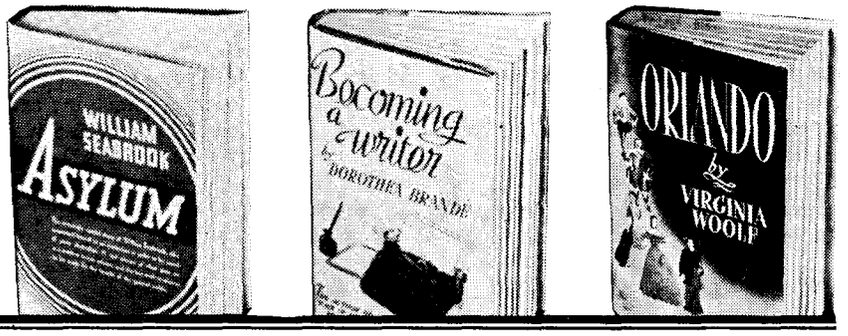

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The Trojan Horse

(*Continued from page 12*)

there I don't understand. What's dichotomy?

PANDARUS—Hm, well, it's a philosophical term. I wonder if I can put it so you'd understand it.

CRESSIDA—If that's what it is, better not.

PANDARUS—No, no; he only means the fundamental antithesis of gender.

ANTIGONE—How philosophers love to beat around the bush.

CRESSIDA—I bet you wrote it yourself.

PANDARUS—Absolutely not; cross my heart.

CRESSIDA—Whoever wrote it, he has a sense of humor.

PANDARUS—That's only a defence mechanism to conceal how deeply he feels. In the other poems he lets himself go.

CRESSIDA—They always do, sooner or later.

I wish we knew Uncle Pan's retort to this; but their talk is broken by the sound of a bugle, marching feet approaching, and a ruffle of drums. Here come the soldiers, Antigone cries, and they hurry to the window. Uncle Pan is very zealous, motioning the girls forward so they can see. Antigone needs no urging, she waves a scarf and shrills with enthusiasm; Cressida, more reserved, holds herself a little backward. Splendid, splendid, says Pandarus, you're going to get a fine view. By Jove, a smart-looking lot, aren't they? A military band, breaking into the full blare of the Trojan anthem right in front of the house, drowns his further comment, but we can see him gesticulating and shouting in Cressida's ear. Like most of those past the age of front-line service, military music gives him an ecstasy of fervor. Cressida, to her uncle's dismay, seems rather grave, even a little saddened by the spectacle.

Look, look, he cries as the band fades off; there's Hector, he's the head of the whole regiment, the best soldier we've got. He's been through it all right; you can see it in his face. He's the only man who can really stand up to Achilles. Yea, Hector!—And his shout is caught up and reverberated by the crowd in the street below.

They say he's been wounded in seventeen places, Uncle Pan says with awe.

Goodness, says Antigone pertly, I didn't know men *had* so many places. Hurray, Hector!

Uncle Pan ignores the cheek. There's Aeneas, he points. A man with a future, he'll be heard from one of these days. The son of old Counsellor Anchises, you know. A good fighter. Yea, Aeneas!

And Paris! I guess you know *him* by sight! He has an air to him, hasn't he; see how he always wears his helmet tilted, it looks rakish. I think myself he does it because his hair's going a bit gray on one side. He's earned it, I bet. A man who acts as judge in a beauty contest is just hunting for trouble.

Who are these two honey-bears, laughing and talking together? asks the impressionable Antigone.

A couple of bad boys, says Uncle Pan. Those are Deiphobus and Antenor. Grand fighters, and afraid of nothing, but if one of them takes off his hat to you on a dark night, call the Travelers' Aid.

They're popular though, says Antigone. Listen to the cheer they're getting. I *like* them, they look like sweet potatoes. Hullo, you bad boys, she shouts. Her words, perhaps fortunately, are lost in the noise of the populace outside, but both officers recognize something amenable in the timbre of the cry, and identify its origin. They look up; Deiphobus salutes with a wide grin, Antenor carries farther still with a slow lingering wink. Young Antigone burns a clear flush of surprise. Cressida feels the instinctive hackles of sex pringle up her nape. She knows—or remembers—that old insidious come-on stare, the fighting taunt of another enemy.

Uncle Pan, leaning far out to watch the army flow by, does not notice. He never supposes himself to miss anything, but this he does not see. How can he guess it is partly Cressida's reaction against the brute impudence of that look that makes her sensitive to something so different a moment later? He is studying the moving lines, a river of bronze with floating plumes, and lustred with sun on spear-points. He cries out in a different tone:—

Here he comes! Here's the boy I cheer for! The youngest officer in the regiment, and going to be the best in the whole army. Only got his commission last week, and look how he sits that horse! That's a soldier for you. He's been sick too, but he's going out for duty just the same. Hurray, hurray, attaboy Troilus!

The cheer is taken up by the crowd with such vigor that Troilus himself is startled and looks up. He has taken off his helmet in the heat, and there is boyish grace on the clear brow and head of damp curls. The face, a little thinned by recent grievance, is brownly pale; then, as he sees Pandarus, darkened by quick blood. He recognizes Cressida, standing behind her uncle; sees her oblivious to the nudging chatter; meets her steady, curious gaze. Slowly his face drains of color, there comes upon him an unconscious intentness. It is as if he strives to memorize something he may never see again; or gropes in mind for a rhyme that does not exist. It is as if he is fallen asleep as he rides, and the moment a dream, prolonged and unchangeable for ever.

Troubling and yet serene, the appeal of such unmarred quality in a boy, when perceived by ripened woman. It pierces to her earthbound necessity, her kindness both protective and passionate; stirs the bitter sweetness of all energies unused. She is barely older than he, but aware beyond her years.

Still he wonders, searches her with eyes. In sudden uncalculated impulse, in warm pity and astonishment (few women ever meet so honorable and unselfish a look) Cressida seizes flowers from a bowl at hand, and flings them out. Moving in trance, he leans far and catches them. But one falls; the horse shies and stumbles; the rider braces to tighten reins, and canters forward. The troop breaks rank a moment, closes up, passes on; he does not look back.

Who was that boy, she asks.

Pandarus is amazed. Didn't you hear me shouting! That's Prince Troilus, that's the one—I mean, that's the one's got more stuff in him than all the rest. Priam's youngest son. Believe me, there's a boy that's a born soldier.

She is watching down the street, where the sunburned men are turning a corner. A pair of shoulders, still identified, stiffen and square themselves; releasing a mood, preparing for decisions.

What a pity, she says. How lovely they are, it's a shame to see them wasted.

Her uncle is a little puzzled, and offers no answer. He makes his adieu promptly; says he must get back to the office.

(She is not good at accounting for herself; even to herself. It would not even occur to her to try. Yet I wish she and Uncle Pan might have been alone together, just then, for a little while. Pandarus, with all his mischief, is always glad to lay aside chaff; he is easy to tell things to. O, when the moment arrives to confess, how often is the right confessor there also?)

Well! (says Antigone when Pan is gone). A lot of excitement for Epsilon Street! Do you suppose they'll march by here every day?

Cressida does not seem to be supposing anything.

I better clear away lunch, Antigone goes on. The dressmaker may get here. Darling, think of having some swell clothes. We've been old maids in lavender such a long time. Are we lavender or are we lysol? It *would* be nice to fascinate somebody again. Wouldn't it?

Maybe, says Cressida slowly. . . . If you can do it without being fascinated back. . . . Hand me the dictionary.

Antigone does. Cressida looks something up; from the part of the dictionary she opens it might be "dichotomy."

Antigone continues gaily:—

Let's get all tinselled up and go to Sarpedoni's. I'm fed up hearing about Man in the Abstract. I'd like to see a few actual samples. . . . Say, look: Pan forgot his friend's poems, he's left them here on the table. I suppose it wouldn't be right to look at them?

She starts to unroll the papers.

Give them to me, says Cressida quickly. I'll take care of them.

(*To be continued*)

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Explorers of the Mind

(*Continued from page 4*)

five when he was suddenly superseded in his position as Director of the Museum of the City of New York, of which he was the founder and in which he had invested the most intense interest and affectionate enthusiasm. Plunged into a depression he spent three years in the wealthy and efficient Bloomingdale Hospital (now called the New York Hospital, Westchester Division). With a style trained by much writing and lecturing, he writes ramblingly, humorously, sometimes cantankerously, with an eye for the picturesque and entertaining episode. If my allusion to "La Cathédrale" conjured up a picture of Mr. Brown as a Huysmans or a Psichari I have misled my readers. Yet all through the joking the affection for the hospital is evident; it won Mr. Brown's heart. And his joking does not conceal the suffering.

In contrast to Mr. Brown, "Jim Curran" was a young, only sporadically successful, business man. Disappointments and frustrations massed against him and by the time he was thirty he was definitely pathologically depressed. Stays in bad, somewhat disreputable, sanitaria were more harmful than otherwise; finally his mind found itself, or as he prefers to say, was restored, after three years' stay in an excellent state hospital. His story is sober and simple, and as Elsa Krauch tells it, the literary effect depends on the realistic massing of detail, so that the comparison with Arnold Bennett is quite fair. Indeed, Elsa Krauch supplies the ideally suitable style for the book, simple, sober, and modest as the story it tells, and astonishingly convincing in its description of "Jim Curran's" feelings. Instead of the racy extraversion of Mr. Beers, or the humorous spice of Mr. Brown, it is the absorption in the narrator's moods that infallibly holds one's attention.

But there is no doubt in Mr. Brown's mind or in "Jim Curran's" of the role the hospital played in their return to health. The patient of Bloomingdale and the patient of the unnamed state hospital are both grateful, and considerate in their judgments of the often irksome regulations and routine. Whether it began in the basket weaving at Bloomingdale or in the potato peeling at the state hospital, both show that it was their interest in the hospital and what it had to offer that replaced the gloomy absorption in their own states of mind. The doctors in both books are minor characters — passing smiles and handshakes—in fact mere impersonal organs of the hospital. The "transference" is to the hospital, and sensing this the narrators set it up as the chief character of their book.

Certainly psychiatric hospitals, private or state, are better than they were when Mr. Beers wrote. But certainly too Mr. Brown and "Jim Curran," on their discharge, found that their friends considered them merely persons who had been ill. There was no "stigma."

Psychotic fragments of autobiography have been written in earlier times, but usually not frankly as such. Many have been presented not as autobiography at all, but as works of fiction or imagination. The line between autobiography and autobiographical fiction must be very narrow. There is quite a bit of critical-psychiatric literature dealing with the influence of Maupassant's psychosis on his writings. E. T. A. Hoffmann was eccentric enough to have been "Johannes Kreisler." Strindberg certainly put something of himself into his remarkable psychopathic characters. Again morbid mental states of other days were often presented as religious experiences, of which there are numerous examples—those of François de Sales, Swedenborg, and Zinzendorf, to mention a salient few. With the psychotic as with the normal the individual is affected by his age and his milieu. The religious milieu gave form to the psychotic saints; the modern American temper produced Mr. Beers. Mr. Brown and "Jim Curran," had they lived in another day, might have identified themselves with other leaders and other movements; but in this day and time they identified themselves with modern scientific idealism and Clifford Beers.

Why men write books at all and especially of themselves is a speculative topic best left alone, but one point may be made as to the urge to write the story of a mental illness or a stay in a hospital. Illness of any sort is an insult, a blow to narcissism. It makes one know one's limitations and realize that there are powers of death beyond one's control, that set upon one whether one likes it or not. An illness our linguistic usage tells us is an "attack," it is something to fight off or succumb to. At the least it is a humiliation. We are ready to admit superficially that the body is ruled by the laws of cause and effect and of matter and energy. Yet, it has been observed, the ruling idea of the physically ill, which pervades their unconscious and appears in dream and delirium is: there is nothing wrong with me whatever! It is harder to accept deeply the idea that something may be wrong with the mind and that this something is part of the real world. The mind to us is still a good deal of an invulnerable soul, in fact to a German or Frenchman it is still *die Seele, l'âme*. It is natural for us to repudiate the fell clutch of circumstance; it is hard to believe that in the realm of the "mind" we are as we must be and not as we wish. The autobiography is a form of counter-attack. Sometimes the blows are not too well directed, and often enough well-intentioned doctors are prominent among the innocent bystanders, or some scapegoat happens to get most of the punishment. This, to be sure, is not the case with Mr. Brown or "Jim Curran." Their war is against the evil itself and they know their friends. But beyond the utilization of available fighting spirit another motive plays a part. To travel in a strange country is dangerous, and there is one country from which no traveler returns. These narrators traveled a perilous country indeed; their tales of near death and near suicide show what might have befallen them. To write a book is a response of the will to live, a resurgence of the belief in immortality. Men are mortal but a book may be immortal. It is a brain-progeny that means creation and not destruction.

Bertram D. Lewin, M.D., is president of the New York Psychoanalytic Society and on the editorial board of the Psychoanalytic Quarterly.

The Middle Ages

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE. By Henri Pirenne. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by Crane Brinton

THIS translation of the late Henri Pirenne's share of a collaborative survey, the "Histoire du Moyen Age," by Pirenne, Gustave Cohen, and Henri Focillon, ought to take immediate rank as the best short work on the subject available in English. Pirenne was in the very top flight of economic historians, and he had the gift, less uncommon among French-speaking scholars than among English, of sound popularization. His own specialty was the rise of towns in his native Belgium, but in this book he ranges skillfully as far as Russia and Byzantium. Pirenne brought to the study of economic and social history the rigorous training in medieval political history he had acquired from the French masters of the last century. He does not hesitate to generalize, but he does so cautiously, and he has the professional historian's distrust of sweeping sociological theories.

His book should be a godsend to the college student seeking to review a major in history, but it has more than the textbook virtues. For the general reader it combines accuracy and, if not romantic interest, at least encyclopedic interest. Here Pirenne expounds his own well-founded notion that not the "fall" of the Roman Empire but the rise of Islam in the eighth century cut Western Europe off from the old Mediterranean economy and reduced it to something like a "natural" or subsistence economy. He then traces the slow re-establishment of trade with the East, and the growth of those cities whose privileged "bourgeois" brought the modern world out of the medieval. Although his main emphasis is on the growth of cities and trade, he gives an excellent account of medieval agriculture, of the role of the Church in the rise of capital and in the improvement of new lands, and of the extraordinary medieval expansion and colonization towards the Slavic East. No one who cares for a realistic view of the Middle Ages should miss this book.

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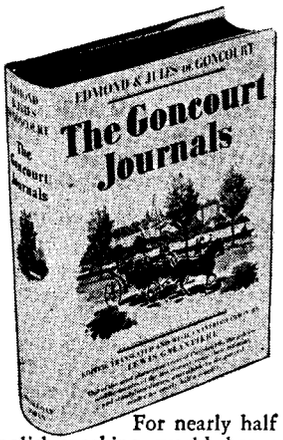
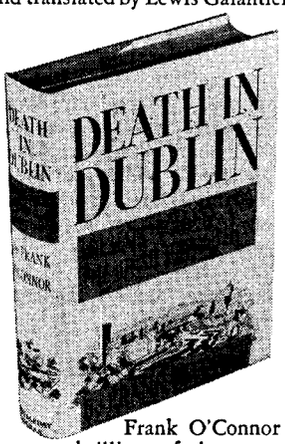
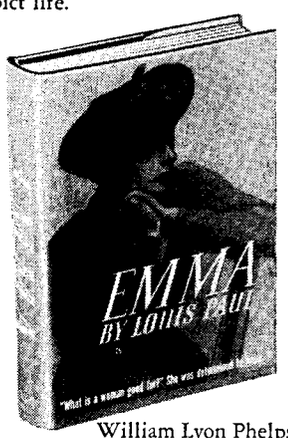


For nearly half a century the English-speaking world has impatiently awaited **THE GONCOURT JOURNALS.** Malicious, perceptive and merciless, the Brothers Goncourt etched in acid the portraits of the artistic world of their day; through their pages walk, in candid camera, such giants of the golden age of Paris life as Flaubert, Daudet, Balzac, Hugo, de Maupassant and Zola. Now at last the Journals have been edited and translated by Lewis Galantière. $3.50



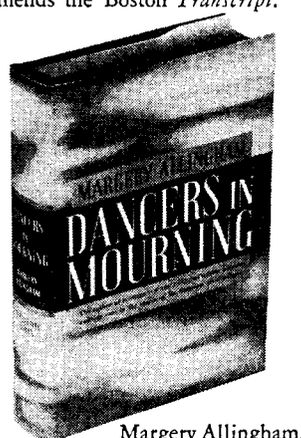
Frank O'Connor is probably the most brilliant of the younger prose writers of the new Ireland. In **DEATH IN DUBLIN:** *Michael Collins and the Irish Revolution,* he has written a fascinating history of men and women of flesh and blood suffering and enduring—in short, living as only genius can depict life. $2.50



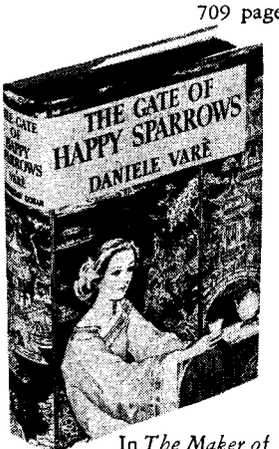
William Lyon Phelps lists as his first choice among the novels of the year—**EMMA,** by Louis Paul. He calls it "an admirable novel of contemporary American city life—friendship among women like the three musketeers." $2.50

And if you like beauty and prose, join the discoverers of Eleanor Green's **PASTORAL,** the new book by the author of *The Hills.* "A novel of unusual sensibility . . . it contains scenes and passages of rare, piercing beauty." —*Times Book Review.* $1.75

America's most spectacular best-seller . . . **NORTHWEST PASSAGE** is sweeping America because it is a story rich in humor and suspense, romance and adventure—a novel filled with the high excitement of great men attempting great deeds. "Don't miss it—it's a whale of a book!" recommends the Boston *Transcript.* 709 pages, $2.75



Margery Allingham, author of *Flowers for the Judge,* has written a superb new mystery — **DANCERS IN MOURNING.** The London *Evening News* says: "It is doubtful that the year will provide a better mystery than this . . . Miss Allingham springs to the very top of the seven or eight leading crime novelists." $2.00



In *The Maker of Heavenly Trousers* and now in **THE GATE OF HAPPY SPARROWS,** Daniele Varè has recreated the exquisite beauty, the pleasant leisure and subtle humor of the Chinese compound. With the bright, Oriental atmosphere of the book, its authentic picture of life in Pekin, he has written a timely book of unusual charm. $2.00

At all bookshops **DOUBLEDAY, DORAN** *Garden City, N. Y.*

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ON September 21st will appear "The Collected Poems" (Macmillan) of the late *Sara Teasdale.* Her poetry is so well known, many of her lyrics have been so much anthologized, that it seems unnecessary to say more about the book than that here you can now purchase in one volume the work that before was scattered through eight. It was thirty years ago that Sara Teasdale's first volume was published, the "Sonnets to Dusé and Other Poems." She wrote a mort of love songs. She will live, not by her most ambitious long poems, the best of which seems to me the one on Beatrice—nor by her sonnets —but through a few exquisite lyrics, such as "Four Winds" (So beautifully Greek!), "Spring Night," "Peace," "To One Away," "I Shall Not Care," "The Answer," "Night Song at Amalfi," "Redbirds," "The Coin," "I Remembered," "Let It Be Forgotten," "August Night," "In the Wood," "Arcturus in Autumn," and "The Flight." Exquisite as is the lyric, "Let It Be Forgotten," which was an especial favorite of the late Elinor Wylie's, it is "August Night" that I wish to quote here as a memorial to that fine woman and true poet, Sara Teasdale:

AUGUST NIGHT

On a midsummer night, on a night that was eerie with stars,
In a wood too deep for a single star to look through,
You led down a path whose turnings you knew in the darkness,
But the scent of the dew-dripping cedars was all that I knew.

I drank of the darkness, I was fed with the honey of fragrance,
I was glad of my life, the drawing of breath was sweet;
I heard your voice, you said, "Look down, see the glow-worm!"
It was there before me, a small star white at my feet.

We watched while it brightened as though it were breathed on and burning,
This tiny creature moving over earth's floor—
"L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle,"
You said, and no more.

A new woman poet who, it seems to me, has in her latest book taken a real stride forward is *Peggy Pond Church,* now author of "Familiar Journey" (Writers' Editions, Box 750, Santa Fe, N. M. $2.50). Incidentally that coöperative group of writers living in the Southwest who publish certain modern poetry as "Writers' Editions" have put forth some fine verse, by *Haniel Long,* by *John Gould Fletcher,* by *Alice Corbin,* and others. They have made no mistake in giving to the public this delicate and beautiful work by Mrs. Church, whose previous "Foretaste" described New Mexico. "Familiar Journey" is a more intimate book than that last. Mrs. Church is only thirty-four and should have years of achievement ahead of her. She is already accomplished both in rhymed verse and free verse. "To Be Sung in Winter" is proof of the one, "Midwinter Night" of the other. It is strange they should both be northern poems. The end of "Amfortas" illustrates a fault that sometimes manifests itself in Mrs. Church's work, the fault of overwriting. "Amfortas" does not need its present last verse. It ends quite strikingly with the verse before. The poems concerning children are beautiful, notably "Brown Boy," and the story of a dream in "Down to the Water" quite remarkable. But I shall have to quote a shorter poem, to give the reader a taste of this writer's merit, and I choose "Forsythia":

The pale forsythia's soundless bells
yellow upon the unleafed stem.
Oh winter-frozen heart, put forth
your long-quenched flowers to answer them.
Wait not for sun. Wait not for leaf.
Wait for no certain signs of Spring.
The roots of the forsythia knew
before the robin's listening wing.
The waiting song within the root
leapt like a flame the wind compels
along the frozen stem until
the sudden branch was bloomed with bells.
Shake off, oh heart, this chill despair
nor doubt that gods walk still with men.
Behold the miracle renewed,
the barren rod in flower again.

"Rowen: A Collection of Verse" by *Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer* (Houghton, Mifflin: $2) has for title a word meaning "Second Harvest," referring back to this poet's former "Harvest of Time." Though he is an uneven poet, there has always been a forthright sincerity in Mr. Pulsifer's work that has merited commendation. The title sonnet of the former book here mentioned was a memorable one. The present book opens with a sonnet series, "Elegy for a House," which first appeared by itself in a limited edition. Many of the other poems have been seen in periodicals. Sometimes Mr. Pulsifer drops a poem into prose, and rather awkward prose at that, as at the end of "New England Meeting House." "Confessional," also, does not satisfy me in its last verse, though the idea it embodies is quite remarkable and several verses impressive. "Trilogy" is, on the other hand, perfectly condensed, and "Microcosm" could be a fine sonnet were its sestet up to its octave. "Farewell, Friend" is an original sonnet, as it is. The ironic address to the King of Italy in "Anniversary," and the graphic quality of "Amusement Pier" are notable. In any event one feels that these poems have been drawn from actual deep experience, though the craftsmanship sometimes falters.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH DUPES A LADY *Royce Howes* (Crime Club: $2.)	Violent death of Detroit exec. at Michigan lake resort, with plenty suspicious characters about breaks into Capt. Lucias's vacation.	Achieves distinction of being both hard-boiled and credible, with unprincipled gold-digger and vengeful mobsters playing major roles.	First-class
POIROT LOSES A CLIENT *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Hercule gets delayed letter from deceased spinster with fortune and ravenous relatives, several of whom act very suspicious-like.	Amiable, clever, and amusing picture of M. Poirot's gray cells functioning against killer with considerable time handicap.	Standard brand
DOWN UNDER *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Disappearance of English bride on wedding eve leads distracted groom to Mr. Benbow Smith who sets wheels of justice whirring.	After routine beginning story suddenly plunges under ground and becomes combination love-story and fantastic thriller.	Palpitater
THE CURIOSITY OF MR. TREADGOLD *Valentine Williams* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Agreeable little American tailor-detective solves ten puzzling cases, mostly murderous and all but one in British settings.	Excellent short mysteries with clever plots and lively doings—stellar stuff in a difficult and usually mishandled field.	Prime
THE CASE OF THE LAME CANARY *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Insurance adjusters, fire-bugs, lorn lovers, two corpses, two-timing stenog, Perry Mason and Rodney Cuff in mad whirl.	Good enough, and customarily zippy—but it's time Perry and his dauntless secretary took that 'round-the-world junket.	Satisfactory

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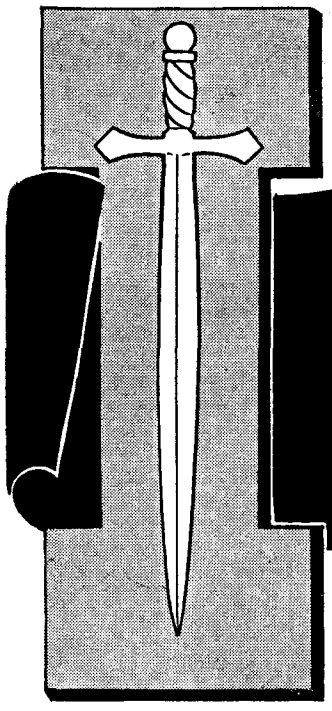

I, Yahweh

A NOVEL IN THE FORM OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by ROBERT MUNSON GREY

"My unbounded enthusiasm for Mr. Grey's novel is mixed with envy. I would rather have written I, YAHWEH than any book I have read in many years." Charles Clayton Morrison, Editor The Christian Century

THE audacity and magnificence of Mr. Grey's conception is measured by the fact that his novel is the autobiography of no less a personage than the God of the Western world, who was given to our civilization by the Jews of the Old Testament.

This God, Yahweh, is a very *human* God. He reflects man's moral insights and also man's compromises with evil and the lesser good. Molded by man, he rises only so high as man himself will let him—he goes up and down in history with human aspiration or the lack of it. The vast sweep of history, from the days of Abraham down to Hitler and the coronation of George VI of England in 1937, is portrayed as seen by Yahweh himself, the chief Actor in the dramatic episodes that have shaped the modern world. Each event is told, each character is presented, not as it appeared to men, but in the light of its effect upon Yahweh, the God of Western civilization.

The reader will see the contemporary world situation in a wholly new perspective. The book will provoke controversy as to its meaning for the nations, for religion, for human progress. It is a powerful drama of the spiritual history of the West and of the fate toward which modern civilization is rushing.

The author's style is lighted up with a humor now gentle, now cutting. His dramatic power is held under full control, leaving the reader haunted with cryptic meanings and never overwhelmed with gratuitous interpretation or moralizing. A true work of art, I, YAHWEH thrills the emotions and kindles the imagination.

Excerpts from Pre-publication Reviews

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, *Episcopal Clergyman.*—"I, YAHWEH took a day and half the night; there was no laying it down. It is superbly written, luminous in its insight and perfectly devastating in its implications. The story of Yahweh, and his final conversion to the Christian religion, is an epic. Thrilling is too mild a word; it is searching, subduing, awesome—the more so the nearer it comes to our own tangled, tormented times. Not in many a day have I read a book that stirred me so deeply, and gave me more furiously to think; it made me want to be a Christian for three whole days. Nay, it will haunt me for many a day ahead."

L. O. HARTMAN, *Editor Zion's Herald.*—"This book will shake up the Christian world. The conservatives will regard it as atheistic and even blasphemous. The sponsors of the 'Finite God' will hail it with satisfaction as a new ally. Discerning men and women, however, will see in this daring novel something deeper."

GUY EMERY SHIPLER, *Editor The Churchman.*—"Done with artistry and alluring insight. Here is a story of religion, dramatic and potent, which blasts away vast areas of rock with which man has overlaid truth."

NORMAN THOMAS, *Socialist Leader.*—"Interesting, original, powerful."

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH, *The Boston Transcript.*—"It baffles, antagonizes, inspires and stimulates. . . . An extraordinary style. . . . Yahweh reflects shockingly the kind of people we actually are. . . . Before the simple Galilean who talks of a 'Father' stands Yahweh, your god and mine, discredited, embarrassed, yet always conscious that there is something higher to which he does not attain. . . . This remarkable story of mankind will be called sacrilegious by some persons who have not caught up with the truth about themselves and their god."

KIRTLEY F. MATHER, *Harvard University.*—"No wonder the publishers were, as they confess, 'excited' by this manuscript. It is an amazing piece of work. Mr. Grey has produced a masterpiece which will undoubtedly have a deep and beneficial impact upon contemporary thought."

GAIUS GLENN ATKINS, *Auburn Theological Seminary.*—"I think it is by any test a remarkable piece of work. . . . The technique is difficult and daring but it is entirely permissible and defensible. . . . A book which is bound to start a long line of comment and discussion."

EDWIN McNEILL POTEAT, *Baptist Clergyman.*—"Enthusiastic! I, YAHWEH will win warm admiration and provoke stout protest."

VIDA D. SCUDDER, *Wellesley College.*—"Some readers may feel that the author is skating on thin ice, but to me he seems entirely reverent. I wonder whether he was inspired by the old Gnostic heresy which identified Jehovah with Satan? That has always been to me a tempting thought. The ironical passages in the book seem to me the best, as the delightful dealings of Hitler with Yahweh, and the irresistible account of the formulation of the Trinitarian doctrine."

RAYMOND ROBINS, *Social Economist.*—"A book of extraordinary daring, originality, power and timeliness. The most challenging book on the religious conception of Hebrews and Christians."

CARL S. PATTON, *Pacific School of Religion.*—"A great book! It illustrates the old truth that the gods are made in the image of men and gives a hint that there is a God who is *not* so made. The extent of the author's biblical, historical and philosophical learning and his use of all this learning in a story that holds the interest throughout—all this is unique. I was greatly taken with the book."

HARRY ELMER BARNES, *Historian and Journalist.*—"The book is an admirable combination of scholarly knowledge and popular exposition. The conception is audacious but thoroughly sound."

At All Bookstores—$2.50

WILLETT, CLARK & COMPANY NEW YORK CHICAGO

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The New Books

Fiction

MANY PEOPLE PRIZE IT. By J. C. Furnas. Morrow. 1937. $2.50.

The story of Horatio P. Seymour Lawson, his wife and son, his secretary, and his affair with a young actress, is one in which all the principals are perfectly plausible and the writing deft. The author commands a pleasing dryness of description and clearly sees into the tangled motives of such a cheap human being as the millionaire protagonist who ran up his fortune from a shoestring. He is the fading type of American to whom money is power, his own blind wants and needs paramount, and yet to whom certain empty conventions are of almost superstitious reverence. He is generous enough with his money to all the females with whom he comes in contact. His laborious mental processes are those of a pachyderm. He sets out to "make" a promising young actress, Madeleine Oakes, and because his only sane son, Robert, has become a radical at Harvard and has therefore deserted the robber-baron standards of his father, decides to marry Madeleine and make her the mother of one fit to carry on his own stupid tradition. His plans go wrong because the little actress decides against such a future, but financially they go very right inasmuch as he withdraws from the market before the crash and removes himself to Cannes after investing his fortune in Government bonds. His end, stranded on that sterile French beach, is sufficiently dreary.

It is in dissecting the workings of Lawson's mind in deciding upon what he wanted in his relationship with Madeleine, and in the analysis of Madeleine's thoroughly mediocre nature that Mr. Furnas is at his best. The one noble character in the book is the ugly and hard-boiled Martha McIntyre, the secretary. The son, Robert, cannot carry through. The character of Sarah Evans seems rather extraneous, though she throws a small sidelight on Lawson's character. The backgrounds of office and back-stage theatre are convincing. The chief characters are human messes, but authentic. Altogether, we must put down Mr. Furnas as a shrewd observer who knows what is what in the new era just dawning and can portray the dead souls of our time with detachment and suppressed satiric mirth.

L. C. H.

ROBINSON OF ENGLAND. By John Drinkwater. Macmillan. 1937. $2.50.

This posthumous volume by the well known English poet, playwright, and biographer is dedicated to Ramsay MacDonald, as a "book about England to a Scotsman who more than any other has helped to make the history of our time." It deals with one Robinson Dare, born in Oxford, who distinguished himself at school and college, and then decided to withdraw into the Cotswolds quietly to write and to discover England for himself through his love of England. His life was broken into by the Great War, but he returned to it as soon as he was out of uniform. His sister Elizabeth married a painter and Robinson Dare became uncle to her three charming children, Jane, Adam, and Hazel.

From the middle of chapter three to the end Mr. Drinkwater's book is concerned with a visit the children made to their Uncle Robinson's and what he showed them of England. They hear stories about all the things Uncle Robinson has collected that throw sidelights on historical and rural England, they explore Oxford, they visit Dunwold House on the far side of the Golden Valley, built in the sixteenth century.

From his wide reading in the period of Charles I and Cromwell, his knowledge of the theatre, of the American Civil War, of Byron, and other subjects that he has used in biography, the late Mr. Drinkwater adorned his simple narrative with a deal of interesting historical information. The intention of the book seems to be to present to the youth of England in an informal, fictional way, the essentials of English life and history. The darker side is not slighted, for the children are taken to the Black Country:

> A monotony of lamentable houses, vast slagheaps looking like mountains of the Inferno, foundries with half-stripped men toiling in sweltering heat at the blast-furnaces, patches of withered land blackened with the fumes of industry, gigantic chimney-shafts belching livid smoke into the sky, were spread interminably as it seemed over a landscape that once had flourished in unbroken beauty north to Cannock Chase and south to Shakespeare's Arden.

This is by no means a profound work on England. But for older children and for the average adult even, it is an informative book—with the charm about it of thoroughly nice British elders and younger people, and a thin thread of love story for Uncle Robinson. Mr. Dowd's line drawings are thoroughly in keeping with the text.

W. R. B.

Miscellaneous

CONCORD RIVER. By William Brewster. Illustrated by Frank W. Benson. Harvard University Press. 1937. $3.50.

This is the second series of extracts from the journals of the ornithologist William Brewster, the first, "October Farm" (also in the Concord region), having been published in 1936. Brewster was, of course, a competent observer, but he was also master of a simple, natural, and often beautiful style, so that these notes of excursions on the river and in the woods and swamps of Concord, are good reading as well as good record. They offer an interesting comparison with the "Journals" of Thoreau, who went abirding in the same woods and water half a century earlier. Brewster was a trained scientist with adequate books and instruments for observation at his command; hence his identifications are accurate where Thoreau's often are not. I doubt whether his studies of the behavior of birds are any better than Thoreau's, but they are excellent, and he had the advantage of always knowing what the bird was; and being able to see him. Thoreau's strong eyes, his patience, and his rather pitiful spy glass, were not enough.

The really interesting difference between these two diaries is, however, very

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Concord River
By William Brewster
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK W. BENSON
Birds; small animals; the lovely old town of Concord, Massachusetts; and the companionships of a keen observer of nature, are the subjects of these selections from the diaries of William Brewster, one of the greatest American ornithologists and a writer whom the critics have placed alongside Thoreau, Muir, and Hudson. There are twelve unusual reproductions, three in color, from water-colors by Frank W. Benson. $3.50
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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much greater than these questions of degree where the trained man usually excels. Brewster is entirely objective. He is not troubled by the significance of nature, not puzzled by beauty, not stirred by kinship with the trees and the animals. Hence he writes better sense than Thoreau, but inferior literature. He is describing the birds for observers who are content to suppose that a bird is one kind of an organism and a man another, and when each is named all that is needful is known about them. Thoreau was a half century behind him in his science; perhaps, in spite of his overdose of Transcendentalism, a half century ahead in philosophy.

But this comparison (suggested by Mr. Barbour's preface) is unfair to a charming and very readable record, which is certainly the best tribute to the lovely Concord River of our century, and one of the best nature journals we have. Its very objectivity and the accuracy and enthusiasm of these studies of behavior make it preferable to more ambitious, more would-be "literary" attempts that have appeared in recent years. The bird drawings, some colored, are excellent. Samplers should note especially his account of the woodcock's song and flight.

H. S. C.

LOOK ELEVEN YEARS YOUNGER. By Gelett Burgess. Simon & Schuster. 1937. $1.96.

This is the day when apparently the average American is gulping down books on all kinds of self-improvement, and the always clever Mr. Burgess has taken advantage of the current panting after new ways to make oneself popular, attractive to women, a business success, and so on and so forth. But his book is not charlatanry. It points out a great many mistakes that both young and old make in habit, behaviorism, nervous movements, dress, deportment, uncontrolled gestures, *et al.*

The discussion of mechanical behavior patterns is perhaps the most astute thing in the book, though a wide area of instruction is covered. The illustrations, of "Horrible Examples," are excellent, and the Burgess captions, such as "Bead Biting," "Face Feeling," "The Bishop's Pose," and "The Push-In," fit them like a glove. Those he calls "The Young-Old" have as many problems to combat as the really aged. There is a whole chapter on the voice. And there is an italicized summary after each chapter. On the whole Mr. Burgess has written a readable and inspiriting book for those who feel themselves aging.

W. R. B.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 180)

GAUTIER: "THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE."

I am the spectre of the Rose
You wore at yester evening's ball.
Think not to put me now to flight.
On the snow-white where I repose,
A poet pressed a kiss, and writ
This epitaph: "Here lies a Rose
So blessed all kings may envy it."

Random House

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BY LIDDELL HART

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COMING SEPT. 27 Liam O'Flaherty's great novel, FAMINE. By the author of *The Informer* $2.50

At bookstores, or Random House *20 E. 57 St., N. Y.*

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Quercus Associates have received the following letter from Old Q., to whom they addressed the inquiry, when was he coming back to work:—

Lake Champlain, N. Y.

☞Not till after Labor Day. But I am willing, now the weather has cooled, to give you a private synopsis of my meditations this summer. ☞I spent two months on a hillside with fine views of Adirondack sunsets; which, you remember, William Dean Howells said were the finest in the world. ☞You can identify the village thus: it is the one that has a sign *No Transpassining*. Also there is a comical little barge-ferry which goes over to Vermont; at first I thought it had the fine old Indian name of *Nosmoking*. There were a great many authors and publishers in Vermont so I went there only rarely and in secret. ☞In Burlington, however, I visited the excellent little Everyday Bookshop, run by our old neighbor on 45th Street, Mr. Sanford Cobb. After I had been there the first time I had my hair cut, so the second time he didn't recognize me. ☞By the way the reminiscences of Charley Goodspeed, called *Yankee Bookseller* (coming from Houghton Mifflin) ought to be a mighty good book.

☞I met a young poet up here whose name is Balsam Pilloes; the only poem he has written is so good he daren't write another. It is one of those poems I like, where the title is longer than the poem itself. The title is On Revisiting After Thirty Years the Famous Petrified Formation on Lake Champlain Formerly the Boundary Between the Mohawk and Algonquin Indians and the Home of Rattlesnakes Known as Split Rock And Finding It Unchanged. The poem is:—

Hullo, you old fossil,
Your complacence is colossal.

Mr. Pilloes lives R.F.D. but rarely bothers to collect his mail. He not only lives in an ivory tower but says he has an ivory dower; his wife brought him as heirloom a narwhal horn, a relic of the days when Lake Champlain was under the ocean; and it hasn't got very far above it even yet. The Lake is only 100 mean feet above sea level. ☞Intellectual concerns: I was tempted to visit the summer school at Cliff Haven to hear Father Leonard Feeney's five lectures on the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins; one of my favorite poets because he is so difficult; as poets should be. I see that Father Feeney had to give two lectures to cover "An Explanation of *The Wreck of the Deutschland*"; and no wonder. ☞I started to write a History of English Literature as it would be told in the Personals, but my publisher visited me for a week-end and I gave it up. ☞It was wonderful to live for two months in a shack that had no telephone; my first such experience in many years; but wandering among sunny pastures and thinking less than nothing I would suddenly hear a sharp trill of cricket or the faint ringing note of some insect or bird or lizard; and jitter all over, thinking it the telephone bell. ☞Do not therefore hurry me back to where My whole vocation Seems endless commutation. ☞Then I started on a book about first editions; I had to abandon that too because the only first edition I could get hold of was Anthony Hope's *Sophy of Kravonia* and that belonged to the good little Greystone Library in Essex, N. Y., published 1906. ☞I enjoy most of all books that are thoroughly dated. ☞Everybody in this region has been reading Ken Roberts's *Northwest Passage*. ☞But I mention my book on first editions because I want to go on record as owning the title; I'll use it some day; it's called *Dibbies on it First*.

☞Mitchell Kennerley sent me a clipping from *The Listener* which says that the late John Lane is buried in a lonely Devonshire churchyard by the sea. De Vere Stacpoole suggests as Lane's epitaph the excellent line *He enjoyed being a publisher*. ☞Speaking of churches, an anonymous letter on the stationery of the Union League Club says: "A woman among a group of visitors at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, after going the length of the nave and into the crossing, said, 'I never saw a church before that had such a long vestibule.'" ☞I've had a delightful letter from Richard, so many years a waiter at good old Schlogl's rathskeller in Chicago (a great literary center in time past; meaning Schlogl's, not Old Loopy) saying he's opened a taphouse of his own at 407 South Wabash Avenue where all the ancient tradition will be faithfully purveyed. Good luck to Bonhomme Richard, a kindly soul and an honest caterer. ☞As I return to work next week I will let you off for now.

OLD Q.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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ENJOY YOUR NEXT SUMMER'S HOME during crisp, sunny week-ends this fall amid the brilliant foliage of autumn woods. Adrian Van Muffling, New Milford, Conn., has a charming, modern lakeside lodge for you. Five rooms, two baths, fireplace. Reduced price if purchased now.

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

WANT TO HIDE: Vanish temporarily or permanently, so no male or female "gyps," mean in-laws, "grafters," "gold-diggers," ex-love blackmailers or other pests or pasts, could find you? I can hide you so, and protect you, in my Georgia-pine-forest-sanctuary. Absolute privacy. Do as you please; camp, tent, build cabin, keep chickens, enjoy own garden winter and summer. Brotherly welcome to writers, individualists, naturalists, vegetarians, who desire living close-to-nature. My price all privileges to above individuals is sixty dollars, winter season. Ninety dollars yearly. Address your problem in confidence. Chief: White-Cougar, Jesup, Georgia.

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WANTED—Responsible business girl, 25ish, to share expenses of apartment. Have lovely furniture in storage but now feel the need of home background. Perhaps I am not alone in that desire. References exchanged. Box 222-C.

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Double-Crostics: No. 181

By ELIZABETH KINGSLEY

1-I	■	2-W	3-M	4-L	5-R	6-V	7-Q	8-I	9-U	■	10-C	11-V	12-D	13-Q	14-W	■
15-N	16-K	17-T	18-A	19-S	20-B	21-O	■	22-G	23-J	24-A	■	25-L	26-J	27-G	28-F	■
29-P	30-J	31-E	■	32-L	33-V	34-G	35-P	36-F	37-M	38-W	■	39-S	40-U	41-G	42-C	43-P
44-L	45-T	46-F	■	47-V	48-B	49-H	50-D	51-P	52-F	■	53-Q	54-B	55-E	56-U	57-C	■
58-T	59-U	60-H	■	61-N	62-E	63-T	64-Q	65-S	66-R	67-D	■	68-L	69-H	70-B	71-A	72-M
■	73-L	74-D	75-J	76-F	■	77-X	78-A	79-B	80-T	■	81-Q	82-H	83-I	84-B	■	85-C
86-X	87-E	88-L	89-W	90-U	91-F	■	92-C	93-G	■	94-W	95-U	96-M	97-F	98-X	99-J	100-R
101-B	102-A	103-P	■	104-F	105-J	106-X	107-D	■	108-M	109-C	110-T	111-F	■	112-I	113-B	114-P
■	115-Q	116-F	117-X	118-R	119-A	120-T	■	121-E	122-H	123-F	■	124-W	125-H	126-J	127-A	128-X
129-T	■	130-D	131-X	132-F	133-J	134-K	135-G	■	136-P	137-B	138-F	■	139-U	■	140-O	141-T
142-C	143-G	144-S	145-A	■	146-S	147-Q	148-M	149-X	150-O	151-N	152-C	153-F	154-D	155-L	■	156-V
157-T	158-J	■	159-S	160-K	161-M	162-C	163-V	164-T	165-A	■	166-I	167-E	■	168-U	169-L	170-E
■	171-R	172-C	173-B	174-X	■	175-W	176-N	177-I	178-V	179-B	180-T	181-L	182-O	183-Q	184-E	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Coerced by intimidation (colloq.).
B. Darken as by shadow.
C. Bewilders, confuses.
D. Struck with a dull sound.
E. Having same fundamental type as something else.
F. Changed with absurd effect.
G. Clasp for armor or costumes.
H. Skilled artisans of the gods (Vedic).
I. Indian of a Paiute tribe—S.W. Utah.
J. Formed with implosion (phon.).
K. Water sprite.
L. English novelist (1867-1933).
M. Cudgeled.
N. Mountain in Thessaly.
O. Momentarily slips or lapses.
P. Covered ground for protection.
Q. Divine inspiration.
R. French composer (1875—).
S. Shouted.
T. Narrator of Arabian Nights.
U. Formed with sharp points.
V. Malevolent feeling (2 words).
W. To that place.
X. Backwoodsman (colloq.).

WORDS

127 71 102 24 165 78 18 119 145
70 54 79 20 113 179 101 173 137 48 84
92 10 42 109 152 142 162 57 172 85
154 74 12 67 107 50 130
185 55 31 87 121 167 62 170
111 28 97 132 91 76 36 104 138 116 52 153 123 46
22 135 143 34 93 41 27
60 82 69 122 125 49
83 1 8 177 112 166
133 126 99 23 105 158 30 26 75
134 16 160
32 68 181 44 88 25 4 73 169 155
72 161 37 148 96 3 108
151 61 15 176
150 182 21 140
35 43 51 136 29 103 114
64 115 7 81 53 183 147 13
5 100 171 66 118
65 159 146 19 144 39
110 180 80 45 58 164 63 157 17 141 120 129
95 56 90 40 9 139 168 59
47 11 178 156 6 33 163
175 124 94 2 14 89 38
86 131 98 106 77 149 117 128 174

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When and *How* did such words and terms *as these* originate?

O. K.	booze	palooka	chicken (*girl*)	plastered	to frisk (*search*)
hoosegow	bones (*dice*)	high-hat	cock-eyed	flat-foot	apple-sauce
calaboose	lousy	scram	you're telling me	yes-man	and how
bunk	grub	whoopee	fried	doughboy	kibitzer

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